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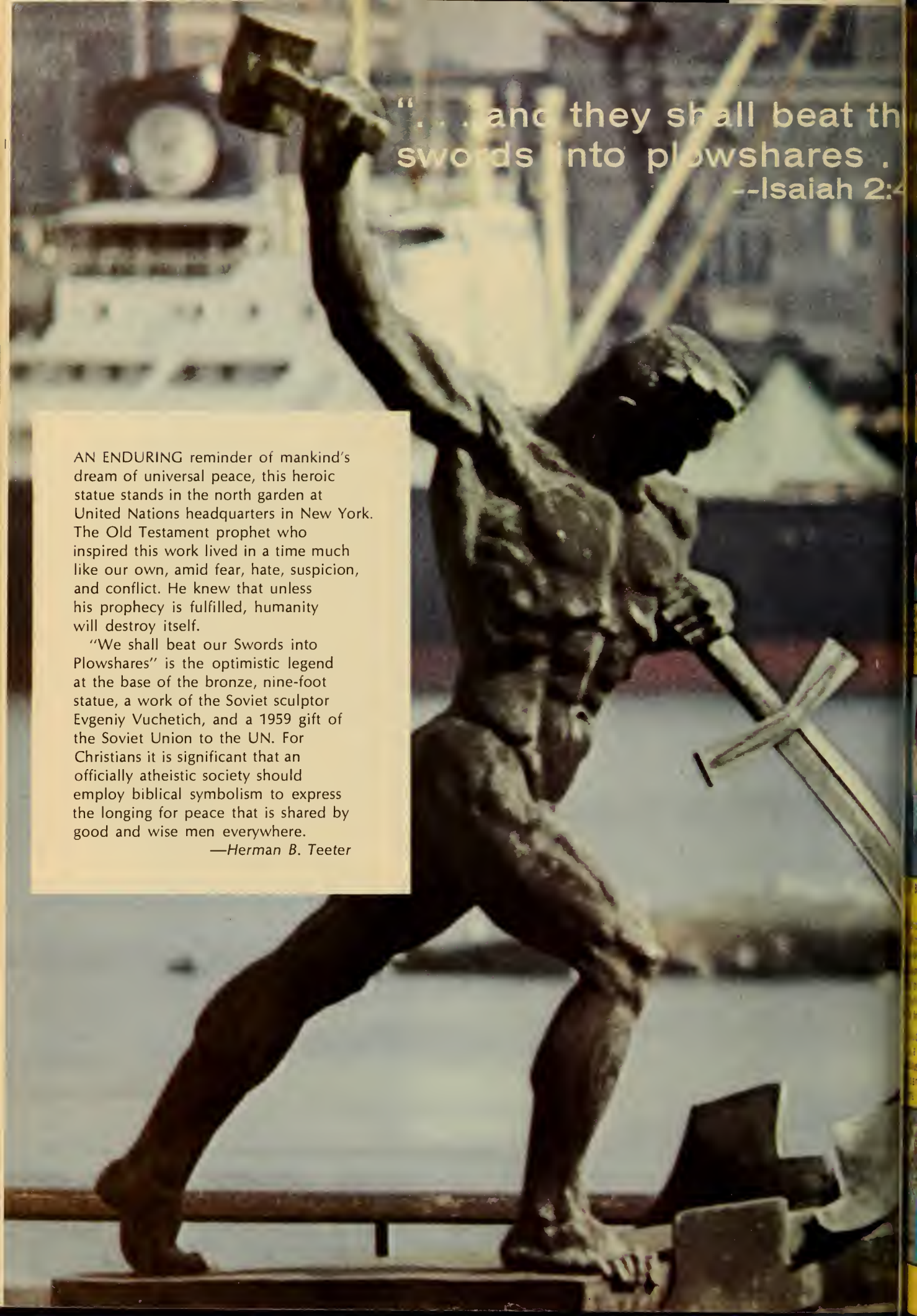
The Lost Ethics of Jesus
When Local Churches Take COCU Seriously
New York's No-nonsense Congresswoman

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'Celebration Is . . .—Our 15th annual Photo Invitational [pages 28-36]

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MADISON



"...and they shall beat the
swords into plowshares."
--Isaiah 2:4

AN ENDURING reminder of mankind's dream of universal peace, this heroic statue stands in the north garden at United Nations headquarters in New York. The Old Testament prophet who inspired this work lived in a time much like our own, amid fear, hate, suspicion, and conflict. He knew that unless his prophecy is fulfilled, humanity will destroy itself.

"We shall beat our Swords into Plowshares" is the optimistic legend at the base of the bronze, nine-foot statue, a work of the Soviet sculptor Evgeniy Vuchetich, and a 1959 gift of the Soviet Union to the UN. For Christians it is significant that an officially atheistic society should employ biblical symbolism to express the longing for peace that is shared by good and wise men everywhere.

—Herman B. Teeter

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• He Is The Way, He Is The
Truth, He Is The Life •
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ANITA BRYANT

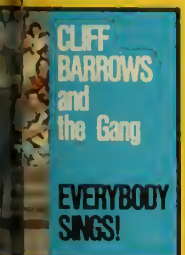
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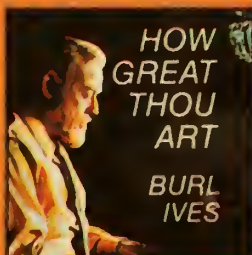
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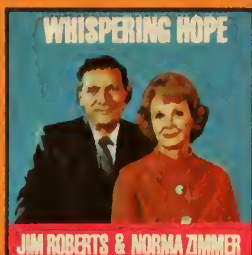
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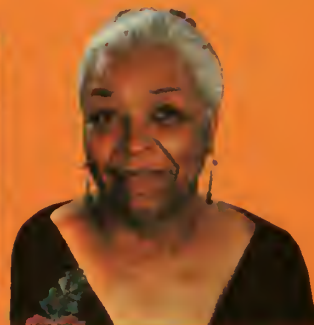
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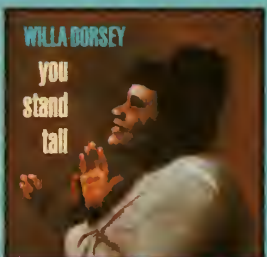
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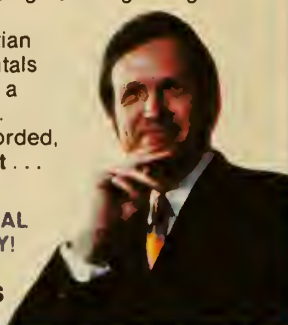
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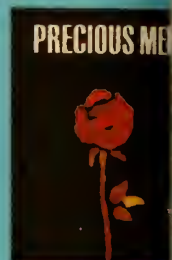
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WST-8474 Famous gospel soloist sings ten traditional hymns. When God Is Near • Precious Memories • Tell Me The Story Of Jesus • more



CS-5087 A dramatic presentation of the death of an airplane. Music by the Treble Nazarene Choirs Instrumental Ensemble



When Mrs. Frances R. Wolfson of New York City decided to enter our 15th Photo Invitational, she searched back in memory, then through her files of color photographs to come up with this one. It was taken some time ago on a summer evening, Mrs. Wolfson says, at the New York World's Fair. "Celebration Is . . .", theme of this year's Photo Invitational, received a great many other interpretations as you will discover in this month's color section, pages 28-36. And perhaps a picture of fireworks at a fountain also is appropriate for a 15th-anniversary cover!

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Reflections on an Anniversary

"WHO AM I?" is a question purportedly provoked by modern youth's identity crisis. Since *Together* in this issue reaches its own mid-adolescence—its 15th year of existence—perhaps the editors may be permitted to indulge at this time in some reflections on *Together's* identity: Who we are. Where we came from. Where we are going.

Of course, *Together's* ancestry goes back much farther than our own 15-year life. A prospectus for the *Christian Advocate* dated September 9, 1826, and published by the Methodist Episcopal Church stated:

"This will be a general Religious Newspaper, published weekly, on good paper, of imperial size, and well printed. It will be conducted on liberal Christian principles, and is designed to be an entertaining, instructive, and profitable family visitor;—devoted to the interests of religion, morality, literature and science, household economy, and general intelligence, both domestic and foreign. All the various relations and connexions of society shall have a share in its departments; and no reasonable pains or expense will be spared, to make it worthy of its patrons."

In the United Brethren tradition, following the brief appearance of several publications, the General Conference-authorized *Religious Telescope* began publication on December 31, 1834. Its stated purpose was "to be devoted to the interests of religion, literature, and morality, and every other useful information associated with Christianity."

Similarly, The Evangelical Association authorized publication of *Der Christliche Botschafter* (1836) "to impart the divine truths of the Holy Scriptures . . . in a manner easy to understand by the common people" and to carry "religious news from near and far relating to the work and progress of true Christianity." In 1848 The Evangelical Church added to it an English periodical, *The Evangelical Messenger*.

Following Evangelical United Brethren Church union in 1946, *The Telescope-Messenger* served as the prime denominational publication until succeeded in 1964 by *Church and Home*, a new and colorful magazine in more contemporary format. After formation of The United Methodist Church, *Church and Home* was merged with *Together* in early 1969.

Together, launched in 1956, was created in response to a challenge of the bishops at the 1952 General Conference of The Methodist Church calling for a "bold venture" in church journalism. *The New Christian Advocate* became a journal for pastors while *Together* continued the 130-year-old *Advocate's* function as "an entertaining, instructive, and profitable family visitor." The present *Book of Discipline* describes *Together's* role as "a general magazine, informative and vital to the religious life of all United Methodists."

On *Together's* 15th birthday, we find ourselves in a vastly different world from that of *Together's* origin. The forces of contemporary times demand that the church communicate its message and mission as effectively as possible through the media appropriate to its varied constituencies. *Together* seeks to help meet this need. It does not speak officially for The United Methodist

Church. Only the General Conference can do that. But within the context of General Conference actions and the pluralism extant in the church, it expresses the views and convictions of its editors and authors, balanced by counterexpressions of others within the Christian community who choose to differ with us. Our *Letters* columns are always open to dissenting views. We encourage our readers to speak up.

The degree of effectiveness for *Together* ultimately is for you, the reader, to determine. We know that statistics can never tell the whole story; nevertheless, they are instructive. For example, the 15-year history of *Together* totals 178 issues containing some 13,880 pages. We have published some 8,000 articles and features with some 11,800 illustrations in a total circulation of 130,000,000 copies. For former EUBs the recent five-year history of *Church and Home* (1964-1969) adds another 101 issues, 4,000 pages, 1,600 articles, 4,700 illustrations, and 25,000,000 magazine copies.

Impressive as these figures are, they mean nothing apart from the quality of the editorial content conveyed to the reader. Unless some of that mass of material has hit home with you—to offer significant information, interpretation, or inspiration—then we have failed.

As editors, we recognize the astonishing velocity of change within our modern world demanding that an effective church periodical remain flexible, constantly open to changes in approach. However, we also are deeply committed to the abiding values in our United Methodist heritage. Certain guidelines continue to be formative in our understanding of *Together's* editorial role. These might be articulated as follows:

1. To speak directly and coherently to the layman, with special attention to his family relationships as well as to his deeply felt personal needs. To deal helpfully with human problems in an era of increasing tension and crisis.
2. To address forthrightly and discerningly the vital issues which Christians face today in light of the gospel. To provide readers with information and interpretation of significant events in the religious world.
3. To utilize the best tools possible and to employ the techniques of contemporary journalism—top quality writing, photography, illustration, design, printing, and other new developments in media skills which may be available to us.
4. To remind United Methodists of their basic Christian unity which transcends the many areas of diversity which exist in Christian conviction and practice.

Such objectives need continuing reevaluation, reinterpretation, and perhaps occasional revision. But generally they are basic to *Together's* task as we editors view it. On our 15th anniversary, we remind ourselves of these goals as well as our heritage, knowing we can never quite measure up fully, but pledging ourselves to try.

—Your Editors

15 Years With Together



1956
Our First Issue

IN 1956, Dwight D. Eisenhower was president. The Korean War had ended. The first aerial H-bomb exploded over a Pacific atoll, and the Middle East was the same troubled land it is today.

In October of that year TOGETHER emerged full-blown, a colorful new slick-paper magazine which *Time* called "the most ambitious venture in the history of church publishing."

Widely acclaimed, TOGETHER was declared to be

"the most remarkable magazine in Protestantism," by a non-Methodist editor and minister. "It sets a bright new pattern for religious publications," headlined *Quill*, a trade publication for journalists.

Now, 15 years later, some 178 issues of the magazine stand in sturdy black-bound volumes on our library shelves. As we leaf through them, year by year, it seems that we can hear again the voices of agreement and dissent, outrage and approval echoing across the years.

For those of us on the magazine's staff there are memories on almost every page. In those bound volumes each issue remains as bright, as crisp and colorful as it was on the day of publication. There is nostalgia for those of us who lived through those years—years of change, drastic change, reflected often in content and approach to Christian living.

Here, in July, 1957, the pages burn with controversy over a vacation season cover which shows a family of four on a beach. The mother and father wear shorts, conservatively modest by 1971 standards.

"One more of these covers and you can cancel our subscription," wrote a Missouri man.

"I can't find any scriptural text that advocates a sexy sweater and shorts," came from an Indiana woman, one of the first readers to comment.

"I have been sending my copies to a family in India," declared another. "I am ashamed to send this issue, unless I tear off the cover."

A Pennsylvania minister, however, apparently anticipated such protests. "That took pluck!" he hastened to assure us. "It's good to know that you don't see anything immoral about a Christian mother on the beach."

Yes, agreed another minister, "prudery and Christianity are not synonymous, though I fear as a church it has taken us a long time to realize this. TOGETHER shows our folks that Christian living is really a lot of fun, and not a bit old fashioned."

If some readers objected to rather modest shorts in 1957, the outcry was mild compared to that which greeted a frank article which permitted a contributor to express her personal opinion on the church's stand against alcohol.

She was an anguished young housewife whose Sunday-school superintendent had seen her drinking a bottle of beer. "Because of this, I feel I am being ostracized by others," wrote the distressed woman, a church leader herself. "In taking this stand against moderate social drinking isn't the church making hypocrites of us?"

Although her article was printed side by side with a strong article against social drinking by a prominent Methodist physician and temperance lecturer, an avalanche of protesting mail followed. Hopping mad, many readers took the stand that "this question can't be argued and should not appear in a church magazine." Others took a less passionate

view. "I have a feeling that shocking though the article was . . . the total impact of the two will strengthen the General Board of Temperance," a Methodist bishop wrote.

Some who condemned were just as quick to forgive when, a few months later, TOGETHER published a devastating article on the evils of liquor. "I read [it] with satisfaction," declared a Kansas man. "As one who took the time to write my dissatisfied sentiments when you went astray of the purpose of a church publication, I now commend you."

Month after month, our *Letters* department aired the views of a wide segment of the church—a church somehow united in its many divisions of opinion. With the brickbats, bouquets rained down.

As times changed, TOGETHER changed, attempting to keep pace or lead through perhaps the most turbulent era of social change in American history. The covers themselves often reflected these changes; and very often, in this regard at least, it is possible to judge a book by its cover. Certainly a host of readers have made a hobby of passing along their praise or criticism of covers that have impressed them one way or another.

On these two pages are six covers that drew strong reactions. They are reproduced, not necessarily as selections of the best or worst but as samples indicative of content, trends, and changes in makeup and typography through the past 15 years.

Perhaps our most popular cover appeared on the April, 1957, issue. It shows a small boy holding a baby chick in his hands.

"I don't think I have ever seen a cuter little boy," exulted a California reader. "Is there any way of obtaining extra pictures? If so, kindly quote me prices. I can use a dozen—and I don't care what they cost."

Almost 15 years later, we occasionally receive requests for that particular cover. We have seen it hanging on walls in many sections of the country. Two other notable covers, neither of them pictorial, have become keepsakes.

One, highly rated by our readers, is the Max Ehrmann masterpiece *Desiderata*, which admonishes, "Go placidly amid the noise and haste and remember what peace there may be in silence . . ."; and another, hand-printed in the pop-art style of particular appeal to younger people, which simply stated: "He came singing love; He lived singing love; He died singing love; He rose in silence. If the song is to continue we must do the singing."

So it has gone month after month, year after year, in millions of words and thousands of photographs, far too many to review. These first 15 years of TOGETHER await judgment of future generations.

But we know what we have tried to do. We have tried to concern ourselves with man's faith, with everything good he does or thinks or dreams or builds; with his search into the universe and—above all—his search for God and a better self.

—Herman B. Teeter



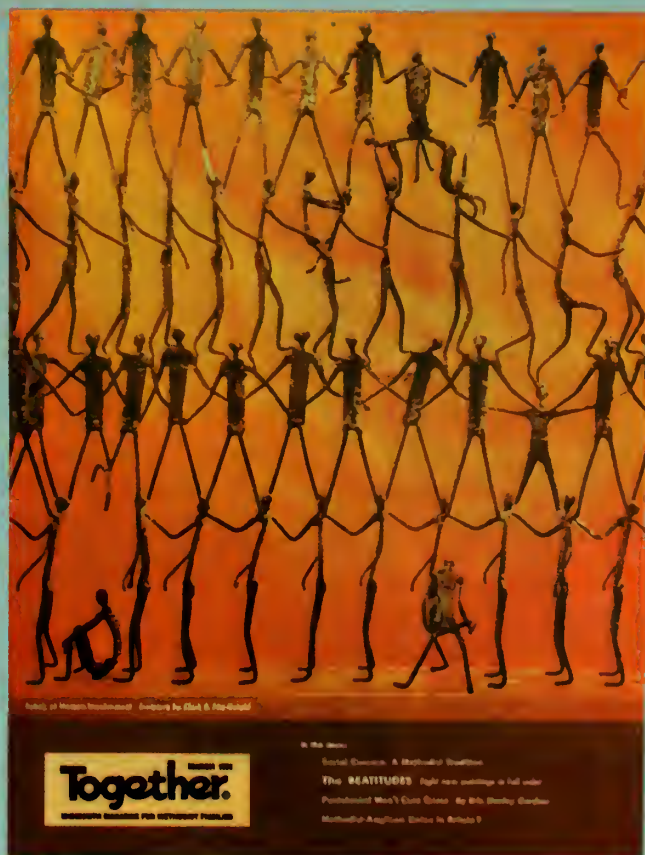
1957 Our Best-Loved Cover?

1967 Our Most Unpopular Cover?



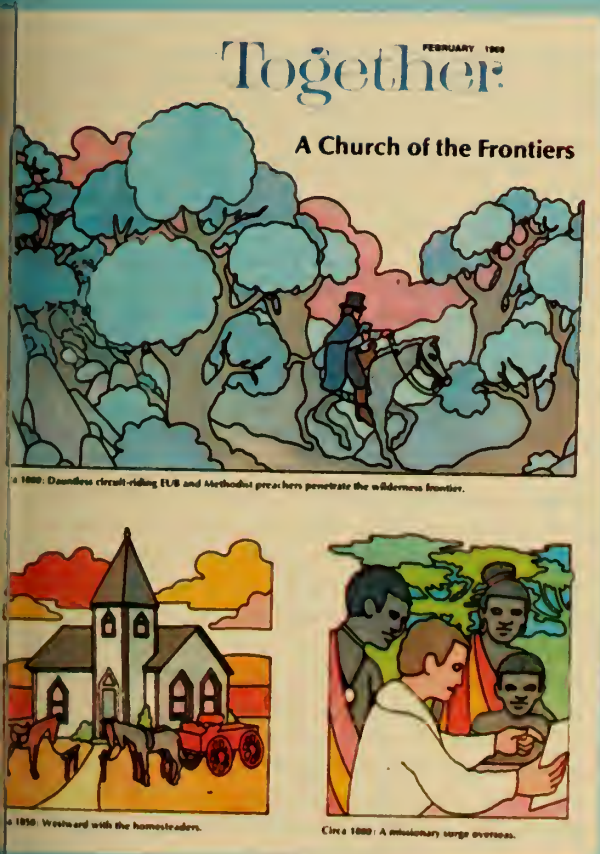


1964 Blending History and New Art



1964 What Is This All About?

1969 Two Churches Unite



1969 We Put On a New Face



The Lost Ethics of Jesus

BY WILLIAM C. TREMMEL

This is TOGETHER's second Stimulus/Response presentation. As was done last spring with David V. Mays' article *On Not Throwing Bricks* [June, page 23], advance copies of Dr. Tremmel's *The Lost Ethics of Jesus* were mailed to a representative sampling of readers to stimulate their response to a series of questions. A summary of their answers and some of their individual comments appear on pages 7, 10, and 11 in *Readers Respond*. Another time, perhaps, your name will be chosen. —Your Editors

THE NEW TESTAMENT reports Jesus as saying in his Sermon on the Mount:

"Do not take revenge on someone who does you wrong. If anyone slaps you on the right cheek, let him slap your left cheek too.

"And if someone takes you to court to sue you for your shirt, let him have your coat as well.

"And if one of the occupation troops forces you to carry his pack one mile, carry it another mile. . . .

"Love your enemies, and pray for those who mistreat you." (Matthew 5:39-41, 44, *Good News for Modern Man*.)

There is no doubting what these plainly written words mean. A Christian is to live without violence. He is not to hurt anyone for any reason. And, as we are told elsewhere in the Gospels, he is to forgive those who hurt

him seven times seventy times, which means as many times as necessary.

When I pointed out this nonviolent, pacifist character of Jesus to some students, one of them challenged me with the account of how Jesus got pretty violent one day when he knocked over the stalls and table of money changers in the Temple yard in Jerusalem.

My student's challenge exhibits the way we grasp at straws to justify our own deviations from the radical love ethics of Jesus. It also demonstrates a typical misunderstanding of what nonviolence and pacifism mean.

A pacifist is not a person who gets passionate or angry or distraught but a person who never lets his passion or his distress or anything else cause him to violate, strike, or kill another human being. A pacifist is not a *passivist*. His character is not inactive but peace-promoting.

We cannot justify the violence of Christians, even for the most worthy cause, on the weak foundation that Jesus occasionally got angry or that he got physical one day in the Temple yard. Jesus was not a passive man, but he was absolutely a pacifist. He instructed his followers to be the same.

These are the plain facts in the biblical accounts. Yet few of us who grew up in Sunday schools were ever instructed that being a Christian means, among other things, being *nonviolent*. Even casual perusal of Christian history shows that the church in the last 20 centuries has not been pacifistic. In fact the church has endorsed many wars and has actually fomented and led some of them.

In view of this, it is not surprising that so few Christians are pacifists, or that there are so many who completely ignore the basic principle of Jesus' ethics.

The usual response of most people, even Christians, to pacifism is not exactly enthusiastic. They say that it is not logical and that it makes no sense. This may be true, but neither is the very heart of Christian theology logical. The idea of a man who is God makes no sense at all, but apparently Christians by the millions have accepted, and still accept, this "nonsense" of the Incarnation.

The whole concept of the Incarnation is thorny with contradictions. For example, to say that Jesus was at the same time wholly man and wholly God seems to say that at exactly the same time he knew everything that God knows (which is everything) and knew only what a man knows (which is not very much). It seems to say that he was eternal, always existing, and yet had no existence at all until he was conceived and born in Palestine; that he possessed absolute beatitude, and yet was torn asunder on the rack of human anxiety and the threat of death; that he was both absolutely perfect and humanly imperfect; that he was both infinite (which means unlimited) and finite (which means limited).

To say "man-God" is of the same logical character as saying "round-square." Both statements violate the law of contradiction in logic and common sense. Yet this has not deterred Christians by the millions from accepting as central to Christian faith a belief in the man-God

Incarnation of Jesus Christ. This illogic we accept with hardly a strain at the gnat, but we will not consider pacifism because it simply is "not practical."

New Testament literature would seem to indicate that Christianity was not invented to be practical but was created to turn the world upside down. In the days of the apostles, many accepted as central to faith the absurdity of the Incarnation. They accept also the turned cheek, the second mile, the relinquished coat, and the non-violence which was the only kind of ethical teaching Jesus ever proposed for Christians. Since those early days only a few have dared live fully in the ethics of Jesus, but some of the few who have so lived brought world-shaking results: St. Francis, George Fox, Albert Schweitzer, Mahatma Gandhi. Gandhi was not even a Christian, but he had read seriously the Sermon on the Mount. The rest of us seem to follow another kind of ethics. We call it Christian, but it certainly gives ample leeway for violence.

Apparently the first Christian church was a fellowship of people who had somehow been transformed from ordinary men to men of radical love. They were men and women who were absolutely dedicated to the very risky business of teaching "God's love," not only for good people but for bad people also, not only for friends but also for enemies. They were men and women who lived dangerously, without political power, always on the edge of the law, and sometimes severely on the outside of it. Not all, but many of these people walked a risky road, turning the cheek, giving the coat, blessing the jailers, forgiving the executors, overwhelming the opposition—not with swords or napalm but with those "impractical," nonviolent teachings of Jesus.

The great fathers of the church were magnificently prepared to live for Christ and die for Christ, but they were not prepared to succeed for Christ. Yet, succeed they did. After 200 years of rejection and persecution, the Christian church received a boon which no one at the time could have recognized as a terrible threat.

A warrior named Constantine, who aspired to be emperor of Rome, made a bargain that if he, Constantine, won the battles ahead and actually became emperor, he would become a Christian and make Christianity the official religion of the Roman Empire. In the year 325, both missions were finally accomplished—Constantine was emperor, and he declared Christianity the official religion of his empire.

Suddenly, instead of being the harassed, dedicated, God-fearing, God-loving lamb in the lion's den, the Christian became himself the lion of the world. The church acquired a police force and an army. And it forgot what Jesus said the night before he died when one of his followers drew a sword to defend him: "Put your sword back in its place; for all who take the sword will perish by the sword."

Those who took the sword have never again been truly Christian. Of course, we have not been without a justifying ethic, and we have called it Christian. But the ethics we got to replace the ethics of Jesus came not from Palestine but from Greece, by way of Rome.

In 340, three years after Emperor Constantine died, a child was born who grew up to be one of the great bishops of the now politically recognized, police-supported, army-protected Christian church. He was

Ambrose, who represented in himself the new unity of church and state because he was both governor of Northern Italy and bishop of Milan. He was a very operational and therefore practical man, who in affairs of church and state found the love ethics of Jesus not nearly so operable as some other more earthbound ethics.

His source was not the writings of the Bible, but the philosophy of an earlier Roman statesman named Cicero (106-43 B.C.), who had himself been a student of earlier Greek philosophers called Stoics. In Greek thought, ethics was organized in terms of justice, practical wisdom, temperance, and courage—the four ancient virtues of the Greeks. Ambrose took these virtues and subsumed all Christian life under one or the other of them. The handbook he wrote became the handbook of ethics for Christians and has been followed by them pretty much from that day to this.

According to Jesus, not justice but love and kindness and mercy should control the dealings of man with man. "He repudiated the principle of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth and would have man renounce his rights, turn the other cheek, give his cloak also to him who took his coat, . . ." as historian Arthur McGiffert put it. Jesus left justice to God.

Ambrose completely reversed the ethics of Jesus. Things went so far that one of the great theologians of the church, Augustine in the fifth century, wrote a formula for justifying wars. He called it the *Just War*. A war is justified if it is carried on by a sovereign state for a justifiable reason and with the intention of destroying evil. That is a perfectly reasonable statement justifying war. A nation may engage in war and a person can take up arms and kill other men if the war is properly declared and carried on by a proper authority, if it is for the purpose of just defense, and if it is to end the existence of evil.

This is reasonable. This is sensible. This we believe. This we do. But it is not Christian.

As inheritors of ancient Greek ethics we endorse and prosecute wars, but we cannot do so in the name of Christ.

For almost 2,000 years we have been practical, knowing that pacifism "will not work," knowing that what Jesus said was absurd and nonsensical. We have taken the more intelligent path. And it has led to the Argonne Forest, to Buchenwald and Omaha Beach, to Iwo Jima and Nagasaki, to Korea, and to Khe Sanh.

One wonders what might have happened if Christians had dared to believe the absurdity of pacifism as diligently as they have believed the absurdity of Incarnation. One wonders what might happen if they began to believe it now. ☐

READERS RESPOND

1. To be consistent as Christians we must always take a stand for pacifism and nonviolence.

52% agree 30.5% disagree 17.5% other

2. The Sermon on the Mount does not apply during war-

(Continued on page 10)

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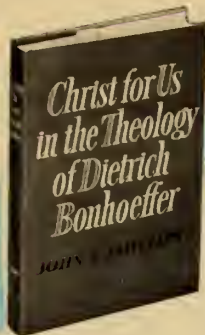
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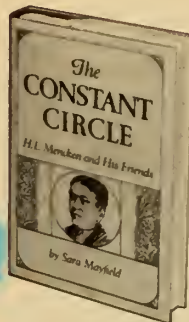
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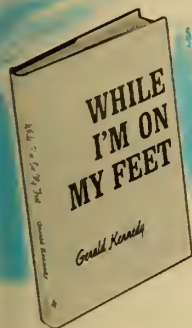
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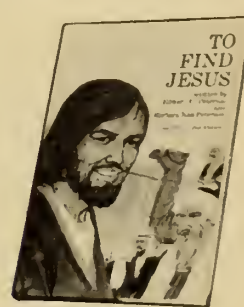
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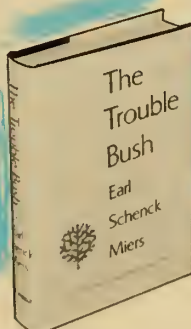
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(Continued from page 7)

time when a nation fights to protect its own or its allies' freedom.

17% agree 48% disagree 35% other

3. Mob violence such as lootings and burnings disobeys Jesus' nonviolent teachings.

96% agree 4% other

4. The author works hard to prove his point scripturally. He should have taken into account the rest of Jesus' teachings such as "I have not come to bring peace, but a sword" (Matthew 10:34), hardly a nonviolent statement.

30.5% agree 52% disagree 17.5% other

5. The Sermon on the Mount is Jesus' teachings for individuals and cannot be applied to nations.

17.5% agree 65% disagree 17.5% other

6. As Jesus did nothing to defend himself other than speak the truth, so Christians should be more willing to die than take the life of any attacker.

31% agree 56% disagree 13% other

7. Pacifism is idealistic rather than realistic. Christians are not called to live unrealistically any more than anyone else so one does not have to be a pacifist to be a Christian.

31% agree 43% disagree 26% other

COMMENTS

The author, in my opinion, is working too hard to solve today's problems by looking only in the Sermon on the Mount. I read his article several times plus chapters five, six, and seven of Matthew before answering the questionnaire. The ethics of Jesus are in the whole New Testament, and I think it is unfair to take one idea without looking at Jesus' total life. Jesus was sent to us as an example of how to live, but God knows we are only human and offers us forgiveness if we ask for it. Thus, I believe none of the ethics of Jesus is lost to the people who truly believe in God.

—Linda L. Bennett, Elgin, Ill.

A slap in the face is one thing. But to see, for example, one's wife and children attacked and do nothing to protect them is not showing much love for them. I cannot believe that Jesus would condone this.

Christians are to live according to the teachings of Jesus regardless of whether we think they are unrealistic or not. But let's face it, one does not have to be perfect to be a Christian.

—Orville L. Davis, Harrisburg, Pa.

There is nothing any more needed in today's living than the Christian promotion of nonviolence. The sooner people in the world today realize that anything desired can be secured peacefully—if it can be secured at all—and that violence is a detriment to winning, the sooner the world will really start to improve.

Parents even need to realize this in child correction. If you cannot impress on a child the difference between right and wrong without physical contact to the child's body, you cannot do it with "spanking or abuse."

It is hard to understand why government could justify war and killing. I firmly believe that at some time in the future the people will have to rise up and say we will not do any more killing of our brothers whom we do not hate, but whom someone says we must kill. We as Christians must reach a point where we will not deviate from Christian principles beyond that point. We must live realistic lives, but this cannot be a continual compromising life. Once you start to compromise, there is no place to stop.

—Harold W. Wiseman, Elkhart, Ind.

I don't believe in violence but pacifism makes me think of being a mat to let someone else walk on.

—Mrs. Milton Baron, Aberdeen, S.Dak.

One wonders what would happen to our world if we really followed Christ's teachings. It's easy enough to agree or to disagree, but there is always the "what if . . ." that comes up: What if a member of your family is being attacked? What if you witnessed an attempted rape or murder? What if you lived as a Jew in Germany during Hitler's time?

God knows we've messed the world up by not following Christ's teachings of love and concern for each other. How long will it take to get mankind really concerned enough to do something about it?

—Mrs. Robert W. Bell, Fleming, N.Y.

Mr. Tremmel's article gives us much to think about. If it was the church which made a change in the thinking of Christians in regard to war, then if we are to make an attempt to save mankind from so much violence, it must be the Christians who must lead us all back to the tenets of the Sermon on the Mount.

—Name withheld by request

The Lost Ethics of Jesus should disturb anyone who professes Christianity. It reminds us very poignantly how Christians should live and how far off the "spiritual road" we have strayed.

—Mrs. P. Engel, Kankakee, Ill.

We used this article as a basis for discussion at our Wednesday-evening Bible study recently.

It was fairly generally agreed that the author is almost too idealistic and radical about nonviolence, especially in regard to worldwide situations. We agree that not all wars are justified but neither can a "Christian" nation stand by and let another country overrun a group of people unable to protect themselves.

Of course, ideally all Christians would be pacifists. But we live in a world where we must coexist with all kinds of people and thus we must also be realistic to some extent.

Personally I have given a lot of thought to the matter since reading the article. I am afraid that until more of the world's population become Christians and have the "love of Christ" in their hearts, the ideal of pacifism will have to be tempered with a little more than total non-

violence. Otherwise the Communists and nonpacifists are able to completely take over the world and that would indeed be a sad state of affairs.

—Mrs. C. T. Lamblin, Raceland, Ky.

We pacifists get so involved in proving our point that we fail to think about what nonviolence is. Can a pacifist take some kind of action? Must he only turn the other cheek or go the second mile? Jesus was involved in the life of his time, contacting all kinds of people. The pacifist, too, must be involved with life and not sit on the sidelines.

We join the author in wondering what would happen if all the people who believe in an omnipotent God of love and Jesus Christ as our Savior had the faith to act nonviolently.

The question whether a Christian is willing to die rather than resort to violence gives the impression that he will live if he resorts to violence. He will die either way—eventually. The question should be, Is the Christian pacifist willing to pray, work, sweat; pray, persuade, exhort; and pray to solve a problem by a nonviolent method to prove he believes in nonviolent action?

—Mrs. Helen Ellis Baker, San Sebastian, P.R.

The author makes a case against Ambrose by saying, His source was not the writings of the Bible but in the philosophy of an earlier Roman statesman named Cicero."

Ambrose did write a treatise on Christian ethics based on Cicero's De Officiis, but this was not his greatest or best contribution to religious literature. . . .

The fact that Ambrose made great use of allegory in interpreting Scripture should warn us to read his offerings with critical care.

—Vincent J. Linn, Rapid City, S.Dak.

I believe if there is something one truly believes is right, God doesn't expect him to stand idly by and have it taken from him without a fight. That goes for nations as well. If you believe your nation is right, you should be willing to fight for it.

—Name withheld by request

This article will not allow thinking Christians to relax, even with the bits of Scripture the questionnaire subtly introduced for the troubled Christian who reads the article. It is much more difficult to accept but much more Christlike than the self-righteous religiosity preached by the Rev. Carl McIntire. Praise God for those like William Tremmel who make us examine our Christianity against Jesus' teachings.

In the Old Testament God did destroy the enemies of his chosen people; then the New Testament taught love for your enemy and Christianity of the community. Christians are called to live unrealistically more than anyone else, if we believe what Jesus taught and not just what we would like to think he taught. Amen, Brother William!

—Mr. & Mrs. Robert F. Barker, Bethesda, Md.



"In case of peace,"

The statesman said

And went on with his discussion.

In case of peace . . .

How odd

I thought,

To treat peace as if it were a

Fire or an

Emergency.

In case of fire,

break glass and sound alarm.

In case of emergency,

send for a priest.

But lacking experience the way we do,

What shall we do

In case of peace?

—Jack Donaghy

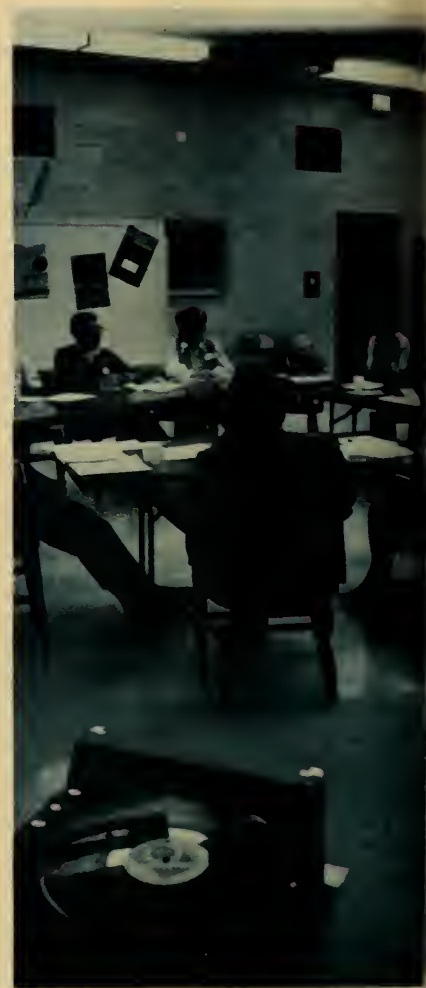
Survival in the '70s

Text and Pictures by John A. Lovelace

SOMETIME in January, 1972, most of the television and radio stations in the nation will begin presenting spot announcements containing unmistakable Christian messages.

There may be precious little "God talk" in the spots, but the spots will definitely be Christian because they

Presbyterian Churches. There will be three radio and three TV announcements in the January series and another three and three in a series for release next fall. They will bear the customary professional imprint of the denominational experts, but they will have the extra dimension of local birthright from 53 workshops such as



Steps in creating religious messages for television: First watch, then discuss, some commercial ad spots.

will have come up from the grass-roots church level—from places like the United Methodist Church in Hinsdale, Ill., for example.

Eleven persons from that congregation invested more than 100 man-hours in a project with the objective of getting more Christian values beamed across the air waves. *Survival in the '70s* is the name of the national project sponsored jointly by broadcasting agencies of the United Methodist (TRAFCO) and United

the one held last spring at Hinsdale.

Two ministers—one then in charge of the congregation, the other then a communications expert from the Northern Illinois Conference—and a TOGETHER editor witnessed the glorious agony as Hinsdale's workshopers in less than 48 hours turned into creators of advertising with a Christian message.

Hinsdale is an upper-middle-class western Chicago suburb, linked to the city's core by freeway and commuter

rails. Average family income is \$17,000. In the United Methodist congregation, the only one in town, it is about \$14,000.

Some of the workshop eleven had not met one another when the Survival ordeal began. One was not even a member of the congregation, but she had been attending and was one of the six who responded to the pastor's request for workshop volunteers. He recruited the other five.

The youngest was an eighth-

grader, the daughter of a local schoolman who, said the Rev. Carl A. Sattelberg, stood out in the church's confirmation class. The oldest were two couples in their early forties. In between, in age, were a college student and some young-marrieds in their twenties and thirties. All were white and all were well educated.

A workshop kit, meticulously prepared by the sponsoring agencies and containing work sheets, posters, and a recording, told the leaders and participants what they ought to be doing at any given point in any of the four two-hour sessions.

The ultimate assignment for each workshop like the one at Hinsdale was to feed six spot-announcement ideas to the sponsoring agencies. Ideas could be as spare or as fleshed-out as the locals chose or were able to make them.

Only minutes into their work, the

mercial values do you see in this one? That one? What Christian values? Are the values different?

They listed these among others (commercial first, then Christian):

Parental responsibility—love

Nutrition—joy

Strength—unwavering

Sex—trust, awareness, life, creativity, acceptance

And what are the personal crunches of life, the kinds of "spots" that people get into which might be softened by Christian-value spot announcements?

Their list included:

Lack of communication, illness, fear of nonacceptance, insecurity, self-centeredness, self-deception, lack of goals, lack of confidence, inability to love, inability to accept love, indecisiveness, indulgence.

By this time some important interpersonal characteristics were begin-

was speaking with a drummer's assurance, and Bob, one of the 40-plusers, was biting his pencil.

Attire on the following night was noticeably more informal as the 11 began to feel more comfortable with one another.

Most agreed that in the intervening 24 hours' listening they had begun to hear messages in commercial spot announcements that they had never heard. Some messages suddenly became offensive, like the one for flash cubes, "You only have one chance to shoot your relatives," or ones that make light of the Divine (inexplicable rainstorms or thunder), or uncola ads that promote negativism.

There was also the discovery that spot announcements frequently are more interesting—better done, more appealing—than the programs sandwiched around them. And it began to dawn: how important it is to insure



Next use some role-playing to discover others' emotions. Then hurry to the poster board with ideas and situations.

Hinsdale folk faced the question: What are the commercial values and what are the Christian values in this familiar message—"Y-o-o-u-u've got a lot to live, and Pepsi's got a lot to give"? Or, Where is God in "the friendly skies of United," the ad which explains "when you're friendly you do things for people"?

Portable television receiver at the end of the table so all could see, the 11 first watched a few random prime-time commercials. What com-

ning to break out. Martha, the non-member, was prefacing many of her remarks with, "I don't know if this makes sense, but . . ." Her remarks were consistently making sense, and others were encouraging her on. Laurel, the junior-high student, was not volunteering much orally, but her beatific face shrouded by long, blonde tresses was indicating her emotions, usually ones of questioning the adults' sense of values. Don, the salesman temporarily between jobs,

that Christian values can be inserted into these spots.

Role-playing was the next workshop device, and some real-life hostilities seemed to emerge in these make-believe situations. Bob volunteered for the role of a father confronting an errant teen-age son, played by Perry, a young married. Seven minutes later, though, when role-playing evaluations began, others criticized the "father's" dominance of the situation and his concern for the

neighbors and himself over that of his "son."

In another role-play Martha convincingly played the wife ignored by her husband, Mike, the college student. Her feelings bit into his logic and brought the roles alive.

Minutes later came the first blip on the workshop screen. Bob, somewhat accusingly, asked, "What's this [role-playing] got to do with commercials?" The Rev. Paul E. (Pete) Mitchell, the Northern Illinois Conference communications specialist, paused slightly before answering. Then, composed, he answered that role-playing gives a chance to see

Paul Tillich. They were asked to express Tillich's theologizing in common language, to glean the basic ideas out of three minutes of learned exposition. This, explained Mr. Mitchell, was essentially what would be attempted in the spot announcements: to express basic Christian values in 10, 20, 30 or 60-second spots. It was a tough assignment.

The following morning, Saturday, at ten, less than 12 hours after the long previous evening's session adjourned, the workshop passed the turning point. Behind were the words, music, and situations of others; ahead, by day's end, was the concep-

crunch deserves another, stressful seventies, relief of belief . . .

Forty-three in about a half hour. The rawest of material, demanding to be defined and refined, broken down, condensed, and laid out. And already the group was concerned about specifics: What kind of listenable, identifiable music will the spots have? What time of day will they be shown—daytime for predominantly women listeners/viewers, nights for families, weekends for men? How do these 43 ideas fit together? Are there six possible headings, one for each of the spots the workshop is to produce?

Five came fairly easily: Generation Gap, Communication, Responsibility, Hope, and God. Responsibility was the most troublesome concept. Finally it was broken into two: Being Responsible and Doing Responsibly.

Then the job was to group the 43 themes under the six headings ("One good crunch deserves another" ended up under "God").

At noon the six headings were assigned to numbered-off pairs: Ginny and Mary, the two 30-plus homemakers, with Generation Gap; Don and Duane, their husbands, with Communication; Jane and Bob, the young archivist and the group reactionary, with Being Responsible; Carole and Martha, the vivacious young mothers, with Doing Responsibly; Laurie and Perry, the youth and the quiet young-married, with Hope; and Carl and Mike, the pastor and the college student, with God.

Assignment: Within an hour, during a sack-lunch break, to come up with a Christian spot announcement idea and to be prepared, after refinement by the group, to put words, music, and illustrations into it.

After lunch the ideas went on the poster board:

Generation Gap—it goes full circle; everyone's in the middle; look both ways.

Communication—people listening without hearing.

Being Responsible—what really counts (quality of life)?

Doing Responsibly—giving in or giving out.

Hope—hope is our answer for survival; where would we be without hope?

God—God is smiling, smile back

Then came the brainstorming, the whole group bouncing ideas and re-



Finally the end product: A sketch for a TV spot on Generation Gap.

how others react and feel, ergo gives the workshop a chance to anticipate how others may react to spot announcements. The local pastor, Mr. Sattelberg, hastened to support the need to understand others' gut reactions, and Mary, one of the quietest of the 11, supported the role-playing experience. Bob withdrew.

Ninety minutes into the second session the workshop came at others' reactions through another device, a recording of excerpts from writings of

tion of six radio-TV spot commercials.

Dressed most comfortably the 11 showed a sun-smacked brightness not evident in the previous night's end-of-day tiredness. By 10:35 they were feeding spot message ideas or themes to Pete Mitchell at the poster board.

Out they came: middle-age despair; does anyone care; what is the church; grab all you can; loving is forgiving; give a damn about others' hurts; brothers' keepers; one good

ctions off each couple's themes. Split screens, cartoons, balloons, revolving door running in reverse—ideas came tumbling out.

For the next hour the tandem teams expanded their ideas in private, building on the brainstorming but always free to disregard or discard others' ideas.

At 2:40 p.m. on the lusciously budding spring Saturday afternoon the teams returned to fellowship hall in various stages of breathlessness. Pete Mitchell looked them over and commented, "You are so quiet." Jane answered, quietly, "We are humbled." The enormity of trying to present basic Christian values in brief broadcast messages had become very real to this tiring group of United Methodists.

The completed ideas added little new to the lunch-hour creations. Actual roughing out of six commercial story boards had proven beyond their grasp, but Pastor Sattelberg gave the needed assurance. "This is what the national agencies want," he said. "They want our ideas; they have the expertise to make the actual spots from our ideas."

A final band on the survival-kit recording thanked the workshop participants impersonally. Carl Sattelberg added his own thanks, suggested that the group rest for a few weeks before deciding how to convert their labors into something they could share with the congregation, and bade the members "go and rejoice."

Before the group could meet again a month later two dramatic changes occurred. Mr. Sattelberg was notified that he would be appointed to another church at the forthcoming annual conference. And Mr. Mitchell was not to be available for guidance either. With his communications job phased out by the Northern Illinois Conference, he had applied for and was soon to be given the directorate of the office of promotion and communications for the Reformed Church in America.

Confronted with these sudden changes, the Hinsdale workshop 11

showed their grit. Meeting on a weekday night four weeks after their workshop, they vowed that what they had experienced was too valuable not to be shared in some way with the entire congregation.

The pastor, obviously limiting his participation in planning so that his successor could live with the results, nevertheless encouraged some attempt at a local presentation of the workshop. Get a chairman, he suggested.

The name came quickly and from several: What about Bob as chair-

man? Bob, alert and grinning, said, "I was about to volunteer."

A meeting or two during the summer seemed appropriate to form some more plans, and a fall date—somewhere around publication date of the October TOGETHER—looked best for the local presentation.

Madison Avenue wouldn't create its television and radio spots this way. But then Madison Avenue never went to church nor played up the Christian values in its messages. They are there, Hinsdale discovered, and they may be the key to survival. □

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Films & TV

THE EMOTION arises somewhere out of childhood—that feeling of enormous relief when in a moment of deep fear a hero arrives on the scene and by his very presence guarantees rescue. Swift action is taken and life's balance is restored.

In the dim mist of childhood, the original hero might have been a parent arriving to stop a fight, or an older brother finding us in the vastness of a strange city. Whatever the origin, the feeling was born that it is possible to be rescued when the world closes in.

With maturity, belief in heroes subsides. Reality is cruel, removing the simplistic conviction that relief is but a hero away. But in the deep recesses of our imagination, there is always the faint hope that just maybe things can be set straight—if only, if only.

Movies once provided surrogate heroes, gallant men who appeared on the scene, dispatched the villains, and then rode away. But in an era of cynicism, movie heroes disappeared, replaced by antiheroes, men who won victories by cheating, or by manipulating technological devices. Rarely in a contemporary film does there appear a hero as of old, the pure figure—without ambiguity—whose presence on the scene reassures. Such figures are rare in our time because a belief in heroes requires a conviction that people can act with pure motives and that, by so acting, can put things in proper order again.

To posit a heroic figure, a film maker must proceed with a simple point of view, assuring his audience that a single man can make a difference. The older film makers, who once gave us heroic figures like John Wayne and Tyrone Power, have grown pessimistic, and they now make films that make light of the heroism they once celebrated. Wayne, for example, continues to make films, but he makes fun of himself, keeping his problems so trivial that when he does succeed in solving them, the feeling is left that it is no big deal.

Into this antiheroic era of film-making, a young company calling itself the National Student Film Corporation has brought a picture called *Billy Jack*, portraying one of the first authentic heroes of this post-

The odds are against him, but Tom Laughlin, star of Billy Jack, prepares to defend himself.



Pentagon Papers era. There is so much in *Billy Jack* that I found inadequate that I had trouble understanding why it captivated me so, until it dawned on me that here was a film that believes in itself even while lacking the ability to successfully make its point.

The primitive charm of *Billy Jack* stems from the lack of sophistication of its makers. They want to make some points—Indians are mistreated, adults are bigoted, and kids are good, if given a chance. Unlike the big studio productions which want to make these same points, the makers of *Billy Jack* are not troubled by sophistication. They are not interested in satisfying several facets of society; they only want to tell the younger generation that decency and peace are superior to hate and lust.

They do this with a remarkable group of performers, most of whom are amateurs and show it. The female lead, for example, is an art student named Delores Taylor. She begins the film with the woodenness usually found in an amateur asked to say a few words before a television camera. But as the film progresses, this woodenness gives way—not to acting but to a certain presence—so that when she weeps over the degrading experience of having been raped, there is that chilling feeling that maybe this has really happened to her.

This primitive charm in *Billy Jack* permits the appearance of a genuine hero on the screen. Tom Laughlin is in the title role, portraying an Indian who protects wild horses, Indians, and kids who attend a school on the reservation. His first appearance on the screen told me that this was a hero. The bad guys are about to shoot some wild horses. Suddenly they stop. Out of the woods a lone figure appears. The bad guys put down their rifles. One of them mutters: "I knew he'd find us." With barely controlled fury, Billy Jack dispatches the villains. A few scenes later he does the same thing to some town bullies roughing up kids.

All this is done with such unsophisticated directness that when the bad guys go down, the teen-agers in the theater when I saw the picture actually cheered a hero. *Billy Jack* is a message film, pounding home its points that American Indians have been robbed and that the thing wrong with wayward kids is selfish parents. There is so much truth in both convictions that the film's clichés take on a distinct charm in their presentation.

Billy Jack has just the right ingredients to be the proper hero—he is mysterious, emerges out of nowhere to do what must be done, and then slips back into the wings of life. He is gentle but strong, loving but firm. Arthur Penn, in describing how he came to make such films as *Alice's Restaurant*, *Bonnie and Clyde*, and *Little Big Man*, confessed that he might have been in a constant quest for a father figure, presenting characters struggling to find something they had lost.

As a film, *Billy Jack* is not in the class of any of Penn's films, but it is a film that has found its father figure. It's good to see a hero again. —James M. Wal-

TV HIGHLIGHTS THIS MONTH

Sept. 26, 5-6 p.m., EDT on CBS
—New York Philharmonic *Young People's Concert* with Yehudi Menuhin.

Oct. 10, 10-11 p.m., EDT on NBC
—Country Music awards from Nashville, Tenn.

Oct. 19, 8:30-9:30 p.m., EDT on NBC—*The Circus*. Filmed in Copen-

hagen with acts from around world. Host is Ed McMahon.

Saturdays on CBS—*In the N* four minutes before the hour, half-hour from 9 a.m. until 1: p.m. EDT. From 12:30 to 1 p.m. EDT—*You Are There* with W. Cronkite. From 1 to 2 p.m., *El Children's Film Festival*.

The answers to some questions frequently asked by our sponsors

If you are considering sponsoring a child through the Christian Children's Fund, certain questions may occur to you. Perhaps you will find them answered here.

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child? A. Only \$12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the Home or Project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home or project overseas.

Q. What help does the child receive from my support? A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide total support for a child. In other countries your sponsorship gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

Q. What type of projects does CCF support overseas? A. Besides the orphanages and Family Helper Projects CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. Is CCF independent or church operated? A. Independent. CCF is incorporated as a nonprofit organization. We work closely with missionaries of 41 denominations. No child is refused entrance to a Home because of creed or race.

Q. When was CCF started, and how large is it now? A. 1938 was the beginning, with one orphanage in China. Today, over 100,000 children are being assisted in 55 countries. However, we are not interested in being "big." Rather, our job is to be a bridge between the American sponsor, and the child being helped overseas.

Q. May I visit my child? A. Yes. Our Homes around the world are delighted to have sponsors visit them. Please inform the superintendent in advance of your scheduled arrival.

Q. May groups sponsor a child? A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups. We ask that one person serve as correspondent for a group.

Q. Are all the children orphans? A. No. Although many of our children are orphans, youngsters are helped primarily on the basis of need. Some have one living parent unable to care for the child properly. Others come to us because of abandonment, broken homes, parents unwilling to assume responsibility, or serious illness of one or both parents.

Q. How can I be sure that the money I give actually reaches the child? A. CCF keeps close check on all children through field offices, supervisors and caseworkers. Homes and Projects are inspected by our staff. Each home is required to submit an annual audited statement.



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IS ALL
SHE HAS
EVER
KNOWN**

Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives every day.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a family of six in India. In fact, the average dog in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal would be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending, because she has a CCF sponsor now. And for only \$12 a month you can also sponsor a child like Margaret and help provide food, clothing, shelter—and love.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters. Christmas cards—and priceless friendship.

Since 1938, American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

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A style show was the crowning event recently for a sewing-center project sponsored by women in the Federated Church (United Methodist and Presbyterian) in Placerville, Calif. Mrs. Bertha Samaniego and daughter display their creations. Language exchange—teachers learning Spanish, pupils improving their English—is also part of the weekly sewing sessions.

RELIGION IN RED CHINA: TOO EARLY FOR OPTIMISM

"Churches have been working for two decades for reconciliation between the peoples and leaders" of the United States and the People's Republic of China, says Dr. Tracey K. Jones, Jr., general secretary of the United Methodist Board of Missions.

The former missionary to China was among many United Methodists who welcomed the news of President Nixon's planned visit to Red China.

Only weeks before the President's surprise announcement, delegates to Wisconsin and Western Pennsylvania Annual Conferences called for diplomatic recognition and seating of Red China in the United Nations. Two other conferences, West Michigan and Central Pennsylvania, favored more extensive relations between the U.S. and China, encouraging communication, economic, and cultural exchanges of all kinds.

As early as 1953 American churchmen participating in a conference on world order urged a flexible U.S.-China policy. In 1958 a church-supported world order study conference advocated admission of the People's Republic to the UN. Similar steps were proposed in 1959 by the World Council of Churches and in 1965 by the National Council of Churches (NCC).

In that same year the former Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns followed suit. Official United Methodist policy was set when the 1968 General Conference asked for U.S. reexamination of its China policies.

This spring the Council of Bishops praised the thaw in U.S.-Red China relations. In July council President Bishop Paul Hardin, Jr., applauded the President's announcement, saying he "favored any kind of direct communication with China . . . in hope that a better understanding may promote a better world situation."

Board of Missions executive secretary for China, the Rev. Edwin O. Fisher, Jr., called this the most "significant diplomatic event of 1971."

He added, however, that it is too early to speculate on the future of church relationships in China.

Church leaders generally are not optimistic over religious rejuvenation in Communist China. According to Religious News Service (RNS), most observers feel that any hope for this is premature since an entire generation of young people has grown up with little knowledge of Christianity.

Christian, Buddhist, Confucian, and Taoist churches were driven underground or into extinction after Communists took over mainland China in 1949. Foreign clergy were expelled or imprisoned, and Chinese clergy or religious had to renounce their vows and allegiance to foreign powers or be imprisoned. Foreign influence was ruled out after Peking allowed religious freedom on only three conditions: that every religious body be self-supporting, self-propagating, and self-governing.

Following the 1966 cultural revolution, the few temples, churches, and mosques still used for religious purposes were closed or taken over by the state for secular use. Only one mosque in Peking remains open, reported RNS.

In 1969 an official Peking publication called Christianity a Western religion "that is the ABC of materialism and therefore an enemy of Marxism."

Following a recent trip to Red China, the Rev. Raymond Whitehead said he does not believe Christian missionaries will return to mainland China in the foreseeable future. The consultant of the NCC's Hong Kong-based East Asia department went with the Committee of Concerned Asia Scholars, the second American delegation to visit Red China since 1949.

Guides and interpreters had some knowledge of Christianity, he reported, but were puzzled by the difference between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism. While he said he believes there are Christians in mainland China, he did not see any, nor did he have the opportunity to find out whether an underground church exists as some missionaries in Hong Kong have maintained.

COMPETITION IN TONGA, CONTROVERSY IN CONGO

Methodists in at least two overseas areas are feeling the pinch of inharmonious or competitive relations with fellow Christians.

The president of the Tongan Methodist Conference, the Rev. Justin Gooderham, said the Mormon Church is building 30 to 40 new churches annually in the Pacific island kingdom of Tonga.

The Methodist Church is the largest in the kingdom, with 39,000 members in a total population of 83,000. Mr. Gooderham said it suffers somewhat from being linked with the "establishment," but he said it is not, in fact, an established church.

Mormons, said Mr. Gooderham, in addition to building new churches are "creaming off" the most promising pupils into their secondary school. About half the school's 1,200 enrollment formerly attended Methodist-related schools, he added.

The United Methodist Board of Missions in this country has no direct ties with the Tongan Methodist Church. But it has direct ties and was admittedly somewhat helpless in spite of those ties in a recently surfaced dispute between United Methodists and other Protestants in central Africa's democratic Republic of Congo.

Bishop John Wesley Shungu pulled his 80,000-member church out of the recently organized Church of Christ in the Congo, a federation of most Protestant churches in that country. The federation, dominated by Congolese, succeeds the white, missionary-dominated Congo Protestant Council in which Bishop Shungu had what was termed a "practically uncontested voice."

The pullout was described by observers as a contest between Bishop Shungu and the Rev. Jean Bokelele, a nationalist who heads the federation. He is a member of the Disciples of Christ Church and on the World Council of Churches' Central Committee.

Board of Missions officials said they "have no legal right to interfere." The bishop is responsible to Congolese Methodists who elected him in 1964 as the first black African to head Methodist work in the Congo.

United Methodist withdrawal from the Protestant federation was said to raise serious questions about ecumenism's future throughout all of Africa.



A Cornerstone-Heritage Center has been created in a 21 x 12-foot niche in the new First United Methodist Church of Beaumont, Texas. Mrs. H. E. Routon looks at copies of 1906 editions of the local newspaper amid such artifacts as the lighted Rothwell cross which hung behind the pulpit and the cross and crown which topped the dome of the old church. The new miniature museum has multi-height ceilings and can be viewed from two levels.

RECONCILIATION EMPHASES TIED TO THANKSGIVING

At least 51 of United Methodism's 78 annual conferences will emphasize the denomination's Fund for Reconciliation on Thanksgiving Sunday, November 21.

Through their annual conferences, local churches will be asked to encourage payment of pledges and to receive new money toward the program which has a four-year goal (through 1972) of \$20 million.

As of July 1 receipts for the fund passed \$10 million. One half of the amount raised within any annual conference remains within that conference; the other half goes to the general fund to support larger reconciliation projects.

In addition to the 51 conferences planning Thanksgiving emphases, another 6 have planned an emphasis during Lent 1972.

COCU 'IN DOLDRUMS,' SAYS EARLY LEADER

The first chairman of the Consultation on Church Union (COCU) said recently he thinks that the movement to unite nine American Protestant denominations is in the doldrums.

But, said Dr. James I. McCord, COCU should be kept "simmering on the back burner" as one option for restructuring American Protestantism. Dr. McCord is chairman of the United Presbyterian delegation to COCU and chaired the consultation in 1962-64.

Another option, he said, would be to make denominations something parallel to orders in the Roman Catholic Church.

The president of Princeton Theological Seminary said none of the nine participating COCU churches, including United Methodism, appears to have COCU at the top of its priorities.

He said COCU has been caught in the crossfire between the right, which opposes change, and the left, which fears structural union.

CENTURY CLUB

Five women and one man join our Century Club this month.

Mrs. Della Golding, 100, Greentown, Ind.

Marie Hanlin, 100, Charlotte, N.C.

Mrs. Elizabeth Herman, 100, Alhambra, Calif.

Mrs. Frances Konovsky, 100, Austin, Minn.

Tom L. Thogmartin, 100, Fort Scott, Kans.

Mrs. George Watson, 100, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church where a member, and location of church.

CHURCH EXTENSION: NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE

Economic and social conditions are forcing denominations to plan more collectively in terms of church extension, according to United Methodism's new top official in that service.

The Rev. Jesse R. DeWitt, assistant general secretary for church extension in the Board of Missions' National Division, said church-extension planning involves new kinds of ecumenical ministries, meeting religious needs of new kinds of communities, and exploration of new forms of congregations.

Dr. DeWitt, in office since January, said that while some new congregations and denominational buildings are being started with traditional programs, more groups are joining together. He said this was necessitated by uncertainty of the economic picture, rising costs of construction, static or declining church giving, and new perceptions of the church's role and how it can best be carried out.

In a changing church-extension field, "no narrow definition can survive," Dr. DeWitt asserted. He said it is no longer a simple matter to select a location and start a congregation.

Dr. DeWitt said among questions he and other ecumenists were exploring are: "Does any one denomination have a right to go into a community without consultation with other Christian bodies?" and, "Since shifting populations and changing communities require us to take a new look at our responsibilities, do we carry on alone until we can no longer survive, or do we seek cooperative parish approaches, pooling our strength?"

On new forms of congregations, Dr. DeWitt said he expected a sharp increase in the east. He said the western part of the country had already made gains in that direction, primarily in the kind of multipurpose buildings designed there. He also said the division hopes to implement a policy decision that would provide annual conferences with a trained member in church extension to organize congregations commensurate with the times.

Dr. DeWitt termed the move "developing leadership rather than providing," as the division now does.

Church-extension agencies like Dr. DeWitt's have lately been receiving requests for help from planners of new towns. One such community in which several denominations were involved reportedly is having some difficulties.

The four-year-old city of Columbia, Md., with only about half of its territory developed, is experiencing rising crime, a growing drug problem, and tensions between blacks and whites, according to *The Wall Street Journal*.

But the newspaper noted that the 13,000-population town's Interfaith Center had become a success with more than 1,800 members, representing Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant groups.

The three groups share the facility on a "simultaneous worship" or a "staggered" basis. Worship varies from traditional to extremely innovative and contemporary. Roman Catholics have the largest membership—1,300—and the Protestant bodies (American Baptist, Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod, United Methodist-United Presbyterian) have about 500 members.

The pastor of the new community's combined United Methodist-United Presbyterian congregation, the Rev. Barclay Brown, said the center was proving less ex-

pensive than separate church facilities would have been.

"This frees the congregations' financial resources for greater mission in the community and the world," he said.

Not all church-extension emphasis is on "new." The General Board of the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ) has voted that strengthening existing congregations is more important than starting new ones.

The program, if adopted by the denomination's General Assembly in October, would spend almost twice as much money on old churches as on new ones.

Among reasons cited for the shift were needs of inner-city parishes and spread of ecumenical churches.



Among 12 houses of worship cited recently by the 32nd National Conference on Religious Architecture was that of Orangethorpe United Methodist Church in Fullerton, Calif. Sculptured walls of stucco and steel are joined by panels of glass to reach an apex forming an exterior cross. Reds dominate the interior, which has a seating capacity of 475 persons. The church with 1,400 members was organized in 1955.

Rising Costs, New Courses for Alma Maters

Higher costs and greater flexibility in curriculum—these were the hallmark words as United Methodist-related colleges and universities opened their 1971-72 academic years.

It was in financial terms—principally in tuition costs—that students and parents back home could see the biggest changes. Indicative of higher costs were these figures from some United Methodist-related schools:

Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Lynchburg, Va.—tuition, room, and board increased from \$3,400 to \$3,575.

Drew University, Madison, N.J.—tuition in the college of liberal arts and graduate school increased \$200 to \$2,350.

Alaska Methodist University, Anchorage, Alaska—tuition increased from \$700 to \$750 and board from \$425 to \$450 per semester.

Adrian College, Adrian, Mich.—fees (tuition, room, and board) increased \$185 to \$2,787.

Mount Union College, Alliance, Ohio—tuition, room, and board increased \$180 to \$3,150.

Willamette University, Salem, Oreg.—tuition and fees raised from \$1,745 to \$1,870.

However, it was not up, up, up all across the denomination's more than 100 schools. Dakota Wesleyan University in Mitchell, S.Dak., announced no increase in tuition in an effort to stabilize enrollment (down about 200 in the past two years).

But holding the financial line meant reducing the faculty in some schools. Nebraska Wesleyan University in Lincoln had notified 13 from its 75-member faculty that their jobs would be phased out at the end of the 1970-71 year. Kansas Wesleyan University in Salina cut its faculty from 39 to 32.

Or it meant no pay raises. McKendree College in Lebanon, Ill., notified faculty and staff last spring that there would be no salary increases despite an increase in tuition.

The basic fiscal problem of colleges and universities is rather simple, said a report from Editorial Projects for Education, Inc. "They are nonprofit institutions which depend for their income on tuition and fees, interest on endowment, private gifts, and government grants," said the report. "Tuition

and fees do not cover the cost of education, particularly that of graduate education, so the difference must be made up from the other sources."

Federal support to higher education, including church-related schools, dropped \$227 million in fiscal 1970 from the previous year. This support goes primarily for construction of classroom facilities, funding of academic science programs, and research and development projects. But the number of federally supported first-year graduate fellowships, for example, is nearly 62 percent lower in 1971-72 than in 1967-68.

At some United Methodist campuses there are promising innovations. Duke University in Durham, N.C., this fall began offering a deferred tuition plan to about 2 percent of its 8,500 students, allowing some "good risk" students to pay their education costs over 30 years.

Special grants help, too. Hamline University in St. Paul, Minn., was given \$100,000 to offer 50 scholarships at \$1,000 each for the next two years to graduates of Minnesota junior colleges. They will be observed to see how their college experiences measure against those of four-year-college students.

The denomination still provides United Methodist scholarships through the Board of Education of up to \$500 per year, financed by a church-wide offering on Student Day.

A new wrinkle in financing was launched by Albion College students in Albion, Mich. They seek to raise \$250,000 for scholarships during the 1971-72 school year.

Some relief from financial pressures also was sought in various state legislatures. A Texas study showed that originally the majority of that state's institutions of higher education were private or church related. Now less than 20 percent of Texas college and university students are in such schools, attributed in large measure to tuition differentials and hopefully to be made up by state grants.

Directors of Illinois and North Carolina state boards of education said that the future of church-related colleges may depend on finding a way to equalize costs of private and public higher education.

Equality may be the far-off goal

in finances, but flexibility is "it" in curriculum.

Indiana Central College in Indianapolis coined a word with introduction this fall of two 14-week semesters and a variable period known as "fleximester."

Among other flexes in curricula were:

Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa—two unstructured degree programs, bachelor of special studies and bachelor of philosophy, with no specific course requirements. A student may, in fact, carry out his entire degree program by independent study under faculty advisor guidance and take no courses at all.

DePauw University, Greencastle, Ind.—50 selected freshmen will have no course requirements and will be required only to have a subject, area, or preprofessional major when they graduate. Periodic reports must be made to an advisory committee.

North Central College, Naperville, Ill.—each student, with an advisor's aid, will structure an "academic contract" replacing the old core curriculum.

There are also new special courses. These include:

Nebraska Wesleyan University—beginning a three-year program to orient science education toward everyday problems.

Greensboro College, Greensboro, N.C.—a physician's assistant program includes three years at the college and two years at Bowman Gray School of Medicine at Winston-Salem, N.C.

Iowa Wesleyan College, Mount Pleasant, Iowa—instituting an undergraduate program to prepare teachers to instruct the mentally handicapped. Also instituting a nursing curriculum in September.

Westmar College, Le Mars, Iowa—a course new this fall on "Asian History: Maoist China" covering origins of Chinese Communist movement and future of United States-Red China relations.

As that final listing shows, courses at some United Methodist-related schools can be as current as today's—or tomorrow's—headlines.

The old questions which they and the others cannot dodge, though, are: Can they keep pace with the times? and, Can they do it without pricing themselves out of business?

—John A. Lovelace

When Churches Take COCU Seriously

By MARTHA A. LANE
Associate Editor, *Together*

FOR ABOUT a decade national church leaders have been studying the possibilities of merging nine major Protestant denominations, including The United Methodist Church, into one church. The Consultation on Church Union (COCU) produced the first draft of "A Plan of Union" about a year ago. If adopted, eventually, by all or some of the nine denominations, it would create the Church of Christ Uniting (again, COCU initials).

Members of all nine participating churches have been urged—United Methodists by their General Conference—to study the plan. They have until June, 1972, to recommend changes they think needed. Denominational balloting on the revised plan probably will come in the late '70s.

United Methodists have been involved in several types of COCU studies across the nation; a sampling follows.

City-Wide Studies

Herkimer, N.Y.: In the fall of 1967, a long-range planning committee was set up by Herkimer United Methodist Church to help the congregation "remain open to every cooperative effort." A week of prayer, living-room dialogues, and COCU studies were suggested. Selected Herkimer Methodists joined with clergy and lay representatives of six other churches for a Sunday-evening study program in April, 1970.

"More openness to further study has developed," says the Rev. Merle O. Brown, Herkimer United Methodist pastor. "In the last Week of Prayer for Unity every denomination in our community, including Pentecostal, Free Methodist, Roman Catholic, and Russian Orthodox churches, took part."

Plans are being made to hold a five-week series of studies in homes and churches soon.

"I feel there has to be a three-way alternation in the whole COCU-study process," says Pastor Brown. "It should include:

"1. Emphasis on the nature of the scandal that exists in the Christian community, particularly in our inability to kneel with one another in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. We have really thwarted Christ's prayer recorded in John's Gospel, 'that they may all be one.'

"2. Establishing an openness to closer action and study with those of other faiths.

"3. The simultaneous expansion of friendships between Catholics who are studying the ecumenical movement and the COCU-related churches—the carrying out of the homework prescribed by Consultation representatives.

"I believe in COCU and pray for its success in the midst of many signs that it is not receiving the attention it has earned a right to," he concluded.

Longview, Wash.: It was first a layman who wanted Longview United Methodists involved in COCU studies. Ten congregations representing Methodist, Christian, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic churches and a community church based their study on a film strip on COCU and the plan's text itself.

Attendance ran from about 50 the first evening to about 20 the last. "Those who attended were committed to their own denominational uniqueness and were not willing to make the adjustments COCU calls for," says the Rev. Dale Barnhart, pastor of Longview United Methodist. "Both before and after the study most people remained ho-hum. The study may have made people of various denominations a bit more tolerant—and that is worth something—but COCU certainly did not turn anybody on.

"I think a study of A Plan of Union is important because it just might come off," Mr. Barnhart continued. "But I don't really expect it. There are too many bishops and pastors who are afraid it will change something.

"I am 100 percent for COCU, and I will continue to try to inform the people about it. However, it is my opinion that it is ten years too early. Institutions do not change until economic reasons force them to. Denominational opinion-makers will not support radical changes until the ground begins to crumble under their feet—and the revolt has not reached those proportions yet."

Areas of special interest or concern to Longview study groups were threatened loss of denominational traditions, episcopacy, and the liberal theology of some churches (for example, United Methodist).

Carbondale, Ill.: This Southern Illinois city's COCU studies were initiated by Lee C. Moorehead, pastor of First United Methodist Church and chairman of his conference's Commission on Ecumenical Affairs. Putting the idea into practice was Charles Watkins, pastor of the First Christian Church.

Four study sessions were held in March. A Plan of Union was available to all. Sessions discussed the gen-

eral plan, the pattern for ministry which would emerge, the many ways in which the community already experiences interchurch cooperation (Church Women United, union services, joint church school, and so on), and a proposal for exploring the possibility of forming an interchurch council.

In May two ministers and two laymen from each of the seven studying congregations met to discuss the possibility more. Among the seven were Bethel African Methodist Episcopal, First United Methodist, and Grace United Methodist.

"Primarily we became concerned about unnecessary duplication of effort and the utter futility of much that we attempt singly," Mr. Moorehead said of the study sessions. He expressed disappointment that several ministers of "COCU churches" had been unwilling to participate in the studies.

"I believe that my own congregation is definitely open to considering some participation in COCU," Mr. Moorehead continued. "I would not say a mandate to do so is forming, but there is a real possibility.

"I personally believe that it is highly important for our congregation to study the plan because it compels us to examine the true biblical and theological justification and character of the church. Furthermore, in this particular time in history it is essential that Christian churches be aware of the ecumenical movements which may be truly traced, I believe, to the work of the Holy Spirit.

"I suppose the issue drawing the most interest in our study has to do with the settlement of ministers," Mr. Moorehead said. "In addition much interest has been shown in the proposal concerning the episcopacy and the sacraments."

Dallas-Fort Worth, Texas: Members of Christian, United Methodist, and Presbyterian churches in southwest Fort Worth began discussing COCU about a year ago, at the suggestion of the Fort Worth Council of Churches.

"After the initial study ended in January, we decided to find out . . . how a COCU parish would affect us, so we set up a four-member committee to get a pilot parish started," said Jerry Tuttle, a Christian Church layman.

The trial parish, scheduled to begin this month, will function for one year. It will emulate the COCU plan as closely as possible, to test that concept. Two goals are: bridging gaps between denominations, and exploring how to use most efficiently various church facilities.

Last spring a Dallas television station aired a half-hour program on COCU, and six 25-minute radio programs also were broadcast. The programs were produced under the supervision of the North Texas Christian Communications Commission, an ecumenical agency. Cassette tapes of the radio programs since have been made available for church-group discussions.

Arkansas City, Kans.: St. Paul United Methodist Parish (including churches of Geuda Springs, Mount Hope, and St. Paul) joined with Saint James African Methodist Episcopal, First United Methodist, a Presbyterian, and a Christian congregation in COCU-inspired activities this spring. Before Lent the people explored possibilities for making more of a united Christian witness in their community. One result was a new approach to Easter services. Instead of individual services, the congregations combined for two union services in a junior-high-school auditorium.

There was also a special service for the churches' youth.

The churches now are looking for other ways to work together. They plan to experiment with a larger program. Task forces are being set up to coordinate youth activities, a lay school of theology, and possibly church-school training programs. The churches are cooperating in special religious celebration of the city's centennial.

"The idea of working on such projects as these was far more appealing to us than a full-scale study of the total plan," said the Rev. F. William Price. He advises: "Although the COCU dream may not become a reality in its entirety, let us not fail to make use of the inspiration it can provide for Christian growth in practical experiences of worship, study, and service together."

Knoxville, Tenn.: Middlebrook Pike United Methodist Church joined with Episcopal, United Church of Christ, and Presbyterian congregations for four Lenten studies of COCU.

"We learned that lay people are far more open to cooperative action and mission than most clergy," reports Donald P. Flick, United Church of Christ minister. "There was a great deal of unwillingness on the part of many people to engage in the study, but we interpreted this as more apathy than negativism. It seems very important for COCU to be studied across denominational lines since people cannot really evaluate it without facing it with people who come from different streams of the Christian faith. The sad part of the whole Plan of Union study is that people get more 'hung-up' on secondary matters than on primary matters of faith and mission.

"As a result of our study it looks as if the four congregations will work through some type of continuing program which may be a mission-oriented cooperative ministry."

Durham, N.C.: In the fall of 1969, Trinity United Methodist Church's work-area group on ecumenical affairs sponsored a study on the nature and substance of ecumenism. All Durham District churches were invited. Some 70 people from 15 churches joined in the one-evening study.

In the spring of 1970 Trinity spearheaded a city-wide venture in a study of the COCU plan. All 43 congregations of COCU-related denominations were invited. Some 200 persons attended afternoon study sessions last November 1, while 250 to 300 attended the evening Communion service in which pastors of all nine participating denominations had a part.

During the last three months of the year, Trinity members will have an opportunity to study the plan as a congregation.

"It is truly very little that we have done," says Barbara Cushman, past chairman of the ecumenical affairs work area. "These efforts, however, must be seen against a

Excerpts From 'A Plan of Union'

"A Plan of Union" cannot easily be summarized or condensed. It is 94 pages long and has grown out of a decade of soul-searching, discussions, and prayers to God that his will for the church today might be understood. The following brief excerpts hopefully reflect the spirit and detail in which it was conceived and indicate why The United Methodist Church has called on local congregations to study and react to the COCU plan:

Purpose

"Our Lord Jesus Christ has made us one body under one covenant, sealed by his own blood. He prayed: 'That they may all be one . . .' (John 17:21).

"The church is one.

"Yet . . . As the world looks at us now, it is unimpressed by our claim to love one another for it sees how we are fractured and divided by lesser loyalties . . .

". . . we envisage a united church, embodying all that is indispensable to each of us, and bearing enough family resemblance to our separate traditions to verify their continuity in it, yet unlike the churches any of us has known in our past separateness."

Role of Laymen

"It is the intent of the united church that the laity understand itself as a functional participant in the whole ministry. . . . Neither the lay person nor the ordained is to be defined in opposition to the other. While laymen rightfully look to the clergy for apostolic teaching and preaching, prophetic insight is not the exclusive possession of the clergy; while clergy rightfully listen to lay persons for insight into the issues of men's daily lives, this understanding is not the exclusive possession of the laity. Clergy and laity need to listen to each other."

Doctrine

"To be a Christian is to be a member of that community which hears the gracious call of God in Jesus Christ and responds to him in faith, being incorporated into his body by baptism in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. The Christian continues in the community through grace, particularly the grace imparted by the preaching and hearing of the Word, the celebration of the Lord's Supper, and a shared life of loving service and reconciliation. . . .

"We confess that man's hope is in Jesus Christ, the savior of each person and the redeemer of the whole world. Through Christ, the Word made flesh, we are saved by grace, being justified by faith . . .

"Through the Holy Spirit we are led to repentance, made members of the new creation, and united with one another in Christ. . . . The faith of the united church is expressed in Scripture, Tradition, creeds, confessions, preaching, liturgies, baptism and the Lord's Supper, and in action in obedience to our Lord. . . .

"The Scripture is the supreme norm of the church's life, worship, witness, teaching, and mission. It is the fundamental guardian, since it is the source of new life and light as the Holy Spirit illuminates and makes Scripture alive and fruitful in the church. . . .

"The united church accepts the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds as witnesses of Tradition to the mighty acts of God recorded in Scripture. . . ."

Structure

"Presbyters, otherwise known as pastors, priests, or elders, called by God and authorized by the church, are ordained as ministers of the Word and sacraments, of the discipline of the church, and as teachers of the faith. . . .

". . . the Church of Christ Uniting accepts and will maintain the historic office or order of bishops. . . .

". . . no statement of the bishops as a college shall have official force as a rule of the united church unless it is approved by the Transitional or National Assembly. . . .

"The diaconate . . . is to be a distinctive vocation for mission as well as for the maintenance of the church. . . .

"The parish is a distinctive and fundamental focus of this Plan . . . Consisting normally of several congregations and developing task groups, it is the local governmental unit of the church for expressing the most complete and efficient ministry possible. . . . Membership in the church will be identified in the parish. . . .

"The district is the unit of relationship and action made up of the parishes and task groups that are within a set boundary. . . .

"The region . . . will be made up of a certain number of districts and will be related to natural areas of non-metropolitan and metropolitan population clusters . . .

"In the area of the nation the united church's organization includes the appropriate legislative assembly. The assembly will establish a relatively lean bureaucratic structure, substantially less than a combination of the staffs of the uniting churches, . . .

"Church property shall be held for the benefit of the whole church. After the transitional period, the parish will be the locus of ownership. . . ."

background of this region of the south, which has not had much ecumenical experience."

Grand Rapids, Mich.: A year ago six churches swapped clergy and choirs for a COCU Sunday service. This year the ministers stayed put and congregations swapped churches. Following this year's services, members of all churches gathered at First United Methodist for a dinner and ecumenical discussion groups.

First Church's interest in COCU has been spearheaded by its ecumenical-affairs commission, which itself has studied the plan extensively. The administrative board will be studying it throughout the year, then will try to make some specific recommendations or comments about the plan. Presbyterian, Congregational, Episcopal, and United Church of Christ congregations are studying the plan with United Methodists.

"Our congregation's attitude is currently one of ignorance or indifference," reports Pastor Donald B. Strobe of First Church. "There is a misguided feeling on the part of many people that a church such as is envisioned in this plan would be a 'super church,' with very little freedom for individuality. This is simply not true!"

Grand Rapids Methodists' main response to COCU has been increased interchurch cooperation. First Church has said it will not enter into any new projects unless they are ecumenical.

Cooperative missions to date include The Bridge, a home for young runaways; a soon-to-be established ecumenical-counseling and personal-growth center, and continued support of the Grand Rapids Youth Ministry.

"Whether or not we ever have the Church of Christ Uniting, a study and implementation of the theology of mission outlined in the plan would be healthy for any local church," Mr. Strobe says.

Seaford, Del.: A study course on Methodism was provided for laymen of Mount Olivet United Methodist Church interested in a study of COCU. "This was done with the hope that our people could make better contributions and receive greater insight when they understood their own Methodist tradition," says Pastor Thomas C. Short. "No COCU materials were used in this study."

The six-session course, designed by Mr. Short, covered a history of the church, the Bible, theology, the Sacraments, worship, and the structure of Methodism. Some 70 of the congregation's 800 members participated in the study.

"I highly recommend such a course as a prerequisite to interdenominational study of COCU," says Mr. Short. "It is important for us to understand our own traditions before we begin to try to understand the traditions of other denominations."

Springfield, Oreg.: Last November the minister and one layman from each local COCU-related congregation met to plan COCU-study sessions. These were held each Sunday night in January. About 150 persons attended the first session, which featured a worship service adapted from the plan, followed by small-group discussion of the plan's section on worship. The three succeeding sessions followed a similar format—about 15 minutes for a "stimulator" (a lay presentation of the topic of the evening), 45 minutes for group discussion, followed by opportunities to question a panel of local ministers. Topics dealt with besides worship were the plan of ministry, organization, and the "why and how" of union.

Study participants expressed a desire to continue to explore and act together in ecumenical venture in the city. As a result, six COCU-related churches plus a Baptist, a Church of the Brethren, and a Roman Catholic congregation have formed the United Christian Fellowship which will "engage in continuing ecumenical dialogue and worship, provide cooperative Christian education programs, work together in selected social-action services to the community."

United Christian Fellowship activities have included weekly prayer vigils, Thursday-evening ecumenical worship services (July and August), planning joint classes for "post high" youth, investigating and planning for a religious program for children of migrant workers in local bean fields, and cooperation with FISH, a nationwide ecumenical "action-line" type program.

"Springfield churchmen have discovered a deeper fellowship and mutual understanding as a result of their recent COCU studies," concludes Mrs. Lloyd C. Thomas, Jr., a lay participant.

Bozeman, Mont.: About a year ago COCU-related churches held a series of study sessions. There was a COCU-churches retreat in which the American Baptists also participated and a union Sunday Communion service to celebrate the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity. At least a dozen study groups have met since then.

Covington, Va.: All the city's four COCU-related denominations (Episcopal, United Methodist, Disciples of Christ, and Presbyterian) were involved in a Lenten study of the plan. Sessions, planned and led by local clergymen, averaged 150 in attendance, of which about 83 were United Methodists.

The COCU-related ministers met together for 10 consecutive Thursday mornings prior to and during the Lenten series. The pastors also tried to acquaint administrative-board members and other lay leaders with COCU before the Lenten studies got underway.

"The times that the preachers spent together were most rewarding, and we sensed an ecumenical spirit like none we have ever felt before," reported W. L. Sturtevant and Fred A. Arndt, the two United Methodist pastors involved. "Many members felt the same thing. We feel many now are willing to participate in some planned cooperative things amongst the four denominations."

Participants seemed generally impressed by the plan's statements of purpose and beliefs. They showed concern about the organizational structure (i.e., "Why have a bishop?" "Everything seems very remote from the layman and lost in idealistic detail." "Title to properties should be vested in congregational trustees.").

Conference and District Reports

Louisiana: In June, 1970, Louisiana A Conference passed a resolution urging each local church to study the COCU plan during that conference year. In October, Louisiana Area's two Program Councils met with Bishop Aubrey G. Walton. This was an all-day study meeting, to acquaint the leadership with the plan and to suggest how it could be studied locally. In November and December each district had a workshop—for district leadership and other interested laymen. About 100 people attended each district meeting and learned how to proceed with local studies.

"The reaction we have received in most of our work-

shops is that there is a suspicion concerning the plan, to begin with—on the part of many people who have not had an opportunity to read it," reports Dr. J. Woodrow Hearn, director of the former Louisiana A Conference Program Council. "Many of those who have read the document do not see how the plan is any improvement over what we already have. The strongest negative points are raised concerning the parish arrangement as unrealistic and the opinion that the system provided for the settlement of ministers is inadequate and inferior to the system used in The United Methodist Church at present.

"There seems to be a widespread feeling that studying A Plan of Union has value in that it gives an opportunity for persons to rethink what we believe about the church and its life," Dr. Hearn concluded.

Ohio West Conference: Study efforts have been reported undertaken throughout the conference.

In Columbus Methodists, Episcopalians, United Church of Christ members, and United Presbyterians studied the COCU plan. Each of the four ministers involved chose four laymen from his congregation. The group met on six successive Thursday evenings, rotating meeting places and leaders.

"There was frank and honest discussion of all issues," reports William E. Smith, pastor of North Broadway United Methodist Church.

"In some respects the study was superficial. We were quick to find fault with the plan at many points: we thought it unnecessarily cumbersome (e.g., the settling of pastors) and, in its desire to please everybody, displeasing all at many points.

"There was a clearly expressed impatience with the structures we now have. Why do we have to wait until 1976 or 1980 to get together? There was even some talk of *our* uniting now. There was already a unity of spirit. Organizational unity seemed a drag!"

After the study, the COCU Order of Worship and Holy Communion service was celebrated in each congregation. The original study group of 20 also visited each congregation and talked about the plan.

"I am confident that having gone down the ecumenical road thus far, we dare not turn back," Dr. Smith says. "As to our ultimate destination, only God knows. It is an exciting venture!"

At least 12 study clusters involving the nine COCU denominations have been active in the Toledo District. Some groups have met six times, some as few as three times. One group made COCU a Lenten study topic, then decided to remain together after Lent.

Churches in both Ada and Delaware have decided to pool leadership resources as a result of the COCU studies. Ada churches will work together in Christian education. A combined church school will open next fall in Delaware, a joint United Methodist-Episcopalian venture.

South Carolina: The Annual Conference Commission on Ecumenical Affairs purchased and distributed copies of the plan to all annual-conference delegates in June. Each delegate was asked to read and study the document and encourage his church to do likewise.

This spring United Methodists joined other COCU-related congregations in an interdenominational study of the plan, along district lines.

"An interesting sideline is the fact that our annual conference memorialized the General Conference to

adopt the COCU suggested plan of two laymen to every one clergyman at church conferences," reports J. Chad Davis, chairman of the annual-conference Ecumenical Affairs Commission.

"The main result of the studies has been a better understanding of our sister denominations. I see little or no enthusiasm for church union at this time, but I do think that COCU has served a great purpose for us and that it has caused us to take a long serious look at ourselves in relationship to Christ's mission. Who knows, maybe this was the reason behind the movement to begin with."

Western North Carolina: In April ten interdenominational area training meetings were held for local representatives (the pastor and one lay member from each church). In June the annual conference approved the following plans for further study: training of local leaders at conference and district levels (October-December); concentrated interdenominational study in local churches (January-March); local recommendations to the conference (February-March); and a composite report submitted to the June, 1972, annual conference.

"Most training meetings I have participated in have covered four areas of study," says the Rev. James W. Ferree of the Western North Carolina Program Council. "These are: the primary objective of the plan, its theological and biblical implications, its structure, and its concept of ministry. Positive responses were usually made to the first two areas and negative responses to the latter two. However, most participants were very much impressed with the parish plan in the structure."

Northern New York: COCU is nothing new to the Northern New York Conference. In April, 1963, then District Superintendent Merle O. Brown led a retreat on the subject for St. Lawrence County clergymen. The group concluded that not all causes of disunity were wrong *per se* (e.g., geographic separation, different needs cause different emphases, and so on); and that a general study by churches was needed. In March, 1966, the Syracuse Area Cabinet discussed how to help small rural churches to be open toward ecumenical change. In April, clergymen of the six denominations then participating in COCU met to discuss the plan. COCU was the subject of two more retreats and a World Community Day program. Since then numerous local studies have begun.

Central Texas: "Perhaps 20 percent of the Conference's local congregations have studied the plan—usually in small groups and involving a resource person from another denomination," says Dr. Morgan Garrett, pastor of Meadowbrook United Methodist Church in Fort Worth. "The overall response to the plan, according to reports from district superintendents and ecumenical-affairs directors has been mostly negative or indifferent."

Little Rock, Ark.: A district worship service on the COCU Plan of Union was held last March for district laymen and ministers. At least four congregations have been "taking the study seriously" as a result, says C. Ray Hozendorf, Little Rock District superintendent, although no congregation has taken any resulting direct action.

Oakland, Calif.: Wilbur W. Y. Choy, superintendent of the Bay View District, reports, "There has been no district-wide study of COCU. Many of the district's 60 churches, however, have had their own discussions, or joint studies with other churches." □



A Table Prepared for Me

By Janet Vaughan

WORLDWIDE Communion Sunday dawned bright and clear in Boca Raton, Fla. An elusive sense of urgency underlay my preparations to attend an early service at the First United Methodist Church.

A friendly greeter welcomed me outside the sanctuary and gave me a name tag. This seemed a bit unusual, but I pinned it on, returned a smile, and stepped inside. What I saw stunned me. Candlelight flickered from rows and rows of tables draped with fine white linen and set with napkins. The church was softly aglow, hushed and waiting. Slowly I realized that this special setting had been prepared for me and for everyone who would come here this morning. We were the guests!

In the past I had attended a variety of Communion services, but at no other time had I sensed such joy! Inevitably I had approached the altar with bowed head and heavy heart, feeling so unworthy and sad that celebration was nearly impossible. But today . . . today!

Simply entering the church and seeing a place set for me aroused feelings of expectancy, hope, and a deep yearning to respond. I felt humbled. I thought of the 200 million other people in the United States alone, Christians and otherwise, and wondered how many really felt as much like guests as I did today at such a feast.

The service was simple. The words and music went beyond my heart and ears, winding their way into my inner self. Our minister spoke in current and meaningful words about "removing the barricades." I wondered if he was aware of the huge barricade he had lifted from all our hearts, if only for a time, by the act of setting a place for us. I know I can sup in faith with my Lord at any time. But I gained a new perspective seeing a place made ready for me. I liked the feeling of being special. This new experience, while ancient in its message, caused a response I had never felt before.

The minister, too, seemed more

relaxed than usual, smiling as he handed out loaves of bread in large baskets. He sang with us and several times he sang alone or hummed aloud to himself. He was having a great time! He was celebrating. I felt joyous. I wanted to sing and dance. I even felt soft laughter nudge me. I suppressed these feelings instinctively, clinging to the old form, and I regret now that I did not let all my joy out.

Looking at my fellow worshipers I realized that what could have been utter chaos was unfolding beauty and simplicity. It was as if we were all like a child taking its first wobbly steps, afraid of falling, confused, anxious, but joyous at the opportunity to "do."

An aura of close fellowship enveloped everyone. Eagerly my daughter of 12 offered me the bread, and I recalled how bored and restless she used to be during Communion services. Her face glowed and she beamed at being involved in the ceremony. She was careful to do everything just right. Smiling, she administered the wine to me and added, "I love you, Mommy."

My own heart surged with love, and I looked again at the altar where huge vases overflowed with balloons—bright, beautiful symbols of joy, celebration, love, and hope. When the service ended, we each received a balloon with the words "In Christ there is no east or west" on it. Seeing it, my mind went on immediately to finish the first stanza: "In Him no south or north; / But one great fellowship of love / Throughout the whole wide earth."

I'll always remember that one short hour where I was a guest at an extraordinary feast. I was expected, I was wanted, and I participated. At the end I was given a yellow balloon. □

TOGETHER's 15th Photo Invitational 'Celebration Is...'

THERE was reason for elation, if not quiet celebration here at TOGETHER after our large family of photographers submitted more than 2,000 color transparencies based on one of our most challenging *Photo Invitational* themes: "Celebration Is . . ."

Challenging also was the task our editors had in selecting only a few of the transparencies illustrating the theme inspired in a manuscript, *Celebrating Life*, by the Rev. Richard S. Deems of Imperial, Nebr. In his article Mr. Deems gave many interpretations of the word which has come to mean the power, depth, and richness of the Christian adventure as well as festivity and fun-making. As always, our photographers came up with many original photodefinitions of their own.

We regret that we can publish only a small fraction of the fine pictures submitted. But perhaps those on the following eight pages will serve to remind each of us, that, as Mr. Deems declared, "The only possible way to be faithful and respond to the love of God is to appreciate the present moment and make the most of it."



Paul P. Haberman, New York, N.Y.

At some forgotten/unforgettable moment long ago we first learned about friendship and affection for someone else. It may have been the day we whispered a treasured secret to a playmate, or the time we shared a toy in an unaccustomed burst of generosity. And though we discovered, even as children, that relationships with others can bring pain as well as joy, we continue a lifetime to seek the fragile moments of happiness when our common humanity is celebrated in a childish giggle, a touch, a glance, a whispered word.



—Merrill Eddy, Franklin, Ind.

We learned that the world around us provides endless ways of experiencing our own aliveness. There was excitement in a snowy landscape rushing toward us through wind and laughter; there was fascination in the reflected glimpse of ourselves as we plunged into a pool of clear water; and there was splendor in the light patterns we wove with sparklers on a Fourth of July night. Such things, and many more, mean celebration.



—E. Edward Nisley, Hummelstown, Pa.

—Paul F. Barker, Rochester, N.Y.





—Jim Paxton, Zanesville, Ohio



—Karl R. Morrison, Cheney, Wash.

We grow toward celebration of life itself. Life is that eternal mystery that holds us in awe of its sheer abundance and rugged persistence. We see bright promise in sea, sand, sun, and winging gulls. We marvel at green resurrection from the icy mire of a wintry swamp. Are not all of these, somehow, one and the same thing?



We hold life in all its
God-given manifestations,
and we learn the beauty
and wonder of simple things:
an egg, an apple, a pepper
—simple, yet each is so
complex that it is beyond
duplication by hands that
could unleash atoms and
send men out into space.

—Simon Baert, Washington, D.C.





—Dr. H. Vance Austin, Bridgetown, Barbados, West Indies



—George N. Numsen, Fallston, Md.

—Esther Slonneger, Peoria, Ill.

And there is love,
 Golden link to bind us all—
 No woman, parent to child,
 No parents, fellowman
 No woman. Summed up in
 One word, love is the life
 Teaching of One who walked
 Earth nearly 2,000 years
 Is not this the most
 Useful word for good of all
 Found in all languages spoken
 By people everywhere?



We celebrate in many ways, most reverently, perhaps, in the hush of a church sanctuary. In worship we celebrate all love and life and beauty and joy, and find reassurance of these in the good news that has come to us through the ages. As Christians, we rejoice in our faith. This, too, is celebration.

—Herman B. Teeter



—Peter S. Gabel, Denver, Colo.

A *Natural Kind of Peace*

She had, by signing her name, made an abortion take place. Now she did not feel that she could ask God to relieve her of the consequent unhappiness of that decision.

BY A MOTHER

"MOTHER, I don't want any more friends who want me just for—this."

Our unmarried, handicapped daughter was pregnant. And the "friend" whom she believed was going to marry her had disappeared. Her father and I had made no attempt to find him because marriage for Linda was inadvisable. Just now she was too emotionally unstable.

The physician who had treated her for epilepsy for 23 years and the psychiatrist who had been treating her for two years both agreed that the pregnancy should be terminated. Two other psychiatrists who had talked with her at length were in accord.

To go ahead with arrangements for this I had to be appointed Linda's legal guardian. Her father had been seriously ill and unable to assume that responsibility. He was deeply concerned and agreed with the doctor's recommendation, but it was I alone who must make the decision final by signing the legal papers.

It was I who must persuade Linda to agree to this.

At first she could not accept the fact that she was not going to be married and was determined to have the baby. I think her determination was not so much a maternal feeling as it was a conviction that in having a baby she could be as "normal" as any woman.

I tried to help her recognize the limitations there are for a child without a father, particularly when she could not be an adequate mother for it in the state of emotional instability she was in. I did not tell her that her physicians believed her health would be endangered. Nor could I bring myself to point out that unless her father and I could assume the child's financial support—and we could not, for long, provide this support—the child would become a burden on a society already overburdened with children for whom no other provision can be made.

Thankfully, Linda soon became eager for her pregnancy to be ended. It was then that she told me

pathetically: "Mother, I don't want any more friends who want me just for—this."

Following the abortion she was kept in the hospital for 10 days so her doctors could be sure she suffered no increased emotional disturbance. She recovered well, though, both physically and emotionally. Back home, she talked to me freely about her experience and was warmly grateful that her father and I had "stood by" her. The three of us felt closer than ever before. The compassion I had felt for Linda during those weeks of distress had deepened my love for her.

Why, then, was I so utterly depressed? Was it guilt? I had, by my signature, made an abortion take place, and abortion was a crime in the eyes of many people and illegal in the majority of states.

No, I felt troubled but not guilty about that. I had prayed about it earnestly, and while I cannot claim that I received a definite spiritual "go ahead," I did come to feel strongly that the God I trust would not judge against me for my decision. I was deeply thankful that we had a surgeon who was willing to risk his high professional reputation to do what he felt was best for his patient.

I did feel that I might have been partly responsible for Linda's mistake. The two most potentially serious handicaps of epilepsy are social rejection and parental over-protection. I had known this, but since Linda's early school days I had been lenient and protective with her in an attempt to make up for the rebuffs she met outside of home. Perhaps firmer discipline from me would have taught her the self-discipline that she had not had when the man who had offered her "friendliness" made physical advances.

My depression was dominated by overwhelming sadness. I was sad that our daughter had been denied the joy of motherhood. And I was sad, selfishly sad, that I was not going to have the grandchild who might have been. Circumstances had not prevented me from loving that child. The doctors had told me that I must not think of the embryo as a baby, but no matter what I was told a new life was beginning in my daughter's body, and I could not stop love from growing along with it, not even when I made the decision that would stop that life. Those hours I waited for Linda to be brought back from surgery were the longest hours I have ever known. For several nights afterward I wakened from a recurring dream in which a warm, living baby had been snatched from my arms. When I was alone I would find myself weeping.

I could not bear to return the friendliness of our four-year-old neighbor, Timmy, who had taken to camping on our doorstep. I had heard that his mother wasn't well. Even so, I didn't want to become involved with Timmy. I didn't even want to look at him—or at any other small child.

Although we had been a church family through all our married life, I had not confided in our pastor during this time of trouble. I did not know why, for I longed to talk with someone who would understand, who would talk out my emotional and spiritual involvement with me. The physicians had tried to be helpful, but their professional viewpoint did not reach my needs.

I still held firmly to my religious faith. I had trusted God for strength when I had to make my decision and then to see it through. Now I did not feel that I could

ask him to relieve me of the consequent unhappiness of that decision. I believe that suffering is largely the result of our own actions, and I did not see that we have a right to expect an almighty Father to spare us from such suffering. I did not see it then. Now I feel sure that the Creator I never stopped trusting did reach out to me in a way that enabled me to grow from trouble.

Linda had returned from the hospital in mid-April. On an early morning late that month, the most exquisite time of year in our part of the country, I opened the kitchen door and stepped outside.

Breathing the morning air was like gulping water after a long thirst. Above the rim of the wooded hillside behind the house advance rays of the sun shone through the trees, some newly in leaf, others yet in bud. And through an opening in the trees an aisle of light gleamed down the slope of the hill. I could not resist the urge to follow that path.

I hurried across the yard and into the woods, and suddenly I was in the midst of such beauty that I stood still in pure delight. Redbud and blue phlox were a bower and carpet of blended color, neither red nor blue but more nearly pink-lavender. Silver cobwebs stretched across my path and turned from silver to gold as the sun touched them. I was reluctant to break them, but the light drew me higher. Now the great globe of the sun sprang free of the rim of the hill, and brilliance was all around me. I stepped into the shadow of a giant oak to be able to look.

As I did, my step dislodged a small stone, and I picked it up. Molded in it was the perfect shape of a scallop shell. How many millions of years had that shape been preserved? For how many more thousands of years would springtime renew such beauty as I now witnessed? The magnificence of nature's unfailing renewal of night into day, winter into spring, flowed over me, and I was aware of the constant ebb and flow of life and eternal creativity.

Suddenly my own problems seemed minute. And yet I had been given the strength to handle them in what I was convinced was the most constructive way. Now, with a strong, new certainty, I was sure that the Creator of such an unfathomable span of life would always hear my pleas for guidance, strength, even for serenity.

At that moment I realized why I had not been willing to confide in our pastor. It was vanity. I had to build an image of our family as "spotless" members of his congregation, and I had not been able to bear the thought of revealing our "shame."

I started down the hill, spiritually renewed and determined to call the pastor. Then at the foot of the hill I faced my first test in the conflict of spirit and selfishness. Waiting for me there was Timmy. And I still did not want to face him. I asked abruptly: "What are you doing out so early?"

"My mommy's still in bed. Can I have a piece of toast?"

Reluctantly I took him into the kitchen and gave him some toast. Then I told him to go home so his mother wouldn't have to search for him. *So I wouldn't have to be troubled by him.*

I did telephone the pastor then, and he came to talk with my husband and me. Both of us found amazing comfort in being able to pour out our feelings to him. He accepted us, understood us, sympathized, and did not condemn. What an understanding friend I had denied

myself during those hours I had spent in the hospital, in lonely silence because of my vanity!

I continued to begin each day by climbing the hill, rain or shine. And now each morning I had a companion. Timmy would join me as I started up. On our first morning together we discovered a patch of Dutchman's-breeches. The name made my small friend laugh. On another morning we found jack-in-the-pulpits, and Timmy was fascinated by that name, too. The dogtooth violets were gone, but we examined the spotted leaves and the seed pods and talked about how new flowers would start from the seed. We discovered patches of bloodroot foliage, and I told Timmy how the Indians had made dye from the red juice of this plant's roots and used it for coloring their garments and for war paint.

We listened to the titmouse's call and the answering call of his mate. We noted that the upright shoots of new growth on the pine trees were like myriads of yellow-green candles decorating the branches. As we brushed against them the shoots released small clouds of pollen.

One morning as Timmy and I watched a white thunder-head rimmed with gold from the sun it hid, I realized I was happy being with him. I no longer resented him for reminding me of the grandchild I might have had, and while I still felt sadness for what was past, my spirits had lifted.

All about me now life goes on. Strength is renewed. Love grows. My love for my daughter has deepened. Surely my new feeling for Timmy is love. And I feel a part of an even greater love in the living beauty around me, a love that gives me new appreciation for all of life, and an assurance of strength. I have progressed from depression and fear of the future to confidence that whatever problems confront me I shall have the strength to cope with them—yet not I alone. Now, instead of brooding over my part in Linda's mistake—my failure to train her in self-discipline—I am occupied with ways by which I can help her become as self-reliant as possible.

I am newly aware of the assurance that all things work together for good when we love and trust God, for working out my own needs has made me able to serve another's. Timmy's mother has had to be hospitalized for mental illness, and because of Timmy's and my well-established friendship, I have been able to take care of him and comfort him during the first frightening days of his mother's absence.

The wonder of nature gave me peace from my own emotional turmoil; now it provides new interests for Timmy. Yesterday from his "hidey place" under the low-sweeping branches of our locust tree we watched a family of red birds as the young left the nest. We saw one baby bird fall from the nest and learn in the falling that he had wings to support him. I marvelled anew at the providence of the Creator who gives every living thing ways for meeting its needs. □



Shirley Chisholm: No

Text by George M. Dar



Many of Congresswoman Chisholm's weekends are spent working either at her Brooklyn office or with whatever neighborhood group needs her—church group, political gathering, boys club. This is a homeowners session.

BROOKLYN'S Bedford-Stuyvesant area—not Harlem—is New York's and perhaps the nation's largest ghetto. Here nearly half a million blacks are crammed into 500 square blocks. While Harlem has lost population recently, Bed-Stuy, as it is reverently referred to, has grown steadily.

Unlike Harlem's 12 to 20-story apartment buildings, the typical residence in Bed-Stuy is the single-family brownstone house, often occupied by an owner who has lived in the neighborhood for 15 or 20 years. So, as in many neighborhoods in smaller cities and rural areas, it is not unusual for a Bed-Stuy resident to know practically everyone in his block.

Bed-Stuy is located in the state's 12th Congressional District, along with parts of Bushwick, Greenpoint, Williamsburg, and the more prosperous Crown Heights. Blacks and Puerto Ricans comprise more than 70 percent of the population. The rest are Jewish, Polish, Ukrainian, and Italian. No other district in Brooklyn is so diversified in its constituents.

This is Shirley Chisholm territory. She was born in Brooklyn, grew up most of her life there, ran the streets and learned about poverty there, went to school there, started her political career there and attends church there (Janes United Methodist). She is steeped in Brooklyn's culture and history, and schooled as a firsthand observer of its problems. That's why, some of her observers feel, this remarkable congresswoman has been able to criticize the system, vote whatever way her conscience dictates, and prod her fellow congressmen for change. She has already attacked the seniority system (she calls it the "senility system") and supported a Republican for mayor of New York against the wishes of her own Democratic party (because she "thought it was the right thing to do"). Consistently refusing to "play by the rules," she keeps reminding people that she did not go to Congress "to behave myself and stay away from explosive issues so I can keep coming back."

It is this unbossed aspect of Congresswoman Chisholm's life that characterizes her rise to fame in political circles and establishes her firmly in the ranks of new-breed politicians.

"We have nothing against Mrs. Chisholm," colleagues have been known to remark. "She's a bright woman, articulate, and a fighter, but you can't control a woman."

There are many reasons why Shirley Chisholm cannot be controlled, and perhaps the major one is that she is a

nonsense Congresswoman

ures by George P. Miller

keen organizer. Though she does not have a regular or formal political club, she has her own following of women, blacks, and young students—a formidable coalition in anybody's behalf. She can pick up the phone and in an hour's time have 300 people coming to her assistance.

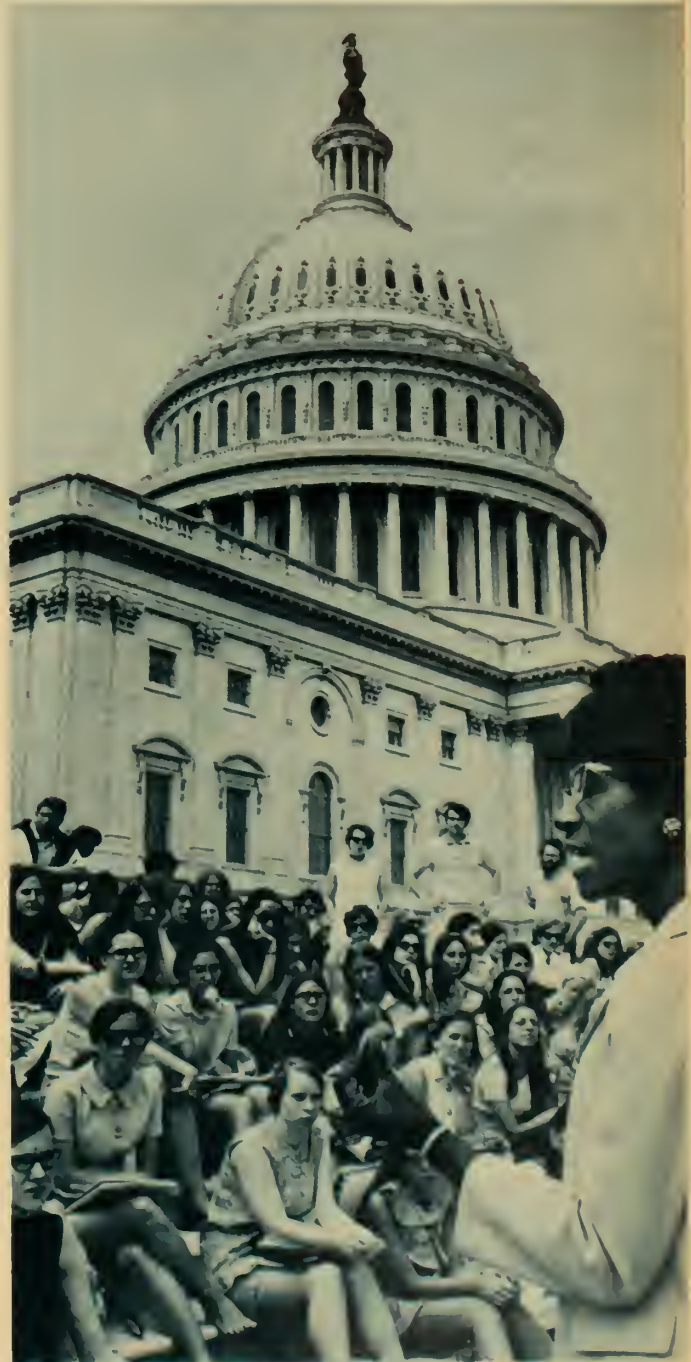
Congresswoman Chisholm admits that she is a political animal. "I've had to be to survive," she says, leaning over her desk in her small Brooklyn office, speaking with such rapidity that one begins to feel that her words and thoughts soon are going to clash and run together. But they never do. She knows what she wants to say, says it, and lets the chips fall where they may. That is her style—the style of a woman in a hurry, who knows where she wants to go and how to get there but who wants to get there yesterday.

Wherever it is that Shirley Chisholm is going, she feels that she should have been there a long time ago. "We [blacks and women] have been held back so long that whatever we get today, we earned ten times over years ago, and whatever we achieve is too little for the price we've been forced to pay."

Shirley, the oldest of four girls, was born in 1924. Early in life her teen-aged mother, a Barbadian, had trouble coping with her. "My mother was still only a girl herself," Shirley says. "By the time I was 2 1/2, no bigger than a mite [she weighs only 105 pounds now], I was already dominating other children around me—with my mouth." She lectured them, ordered them around, and when that did not work, she was usually able to use gentle persuasion to get her way.

Congresswoman Chisholm's mother was Ruby Seale St. Hill, a seamstress, who was a strict disciplinarian, a deeply religious member of the English Brethren Church, a small Quakerlike sect that had no formal service or minister. She required Shirley and her sisters to go there three times every Sunday—at 11:30 a.m., 2:30 p.m., and 7:30 p.m. Thoroughly British in her ideas and manners, Mrs. St. Hill had plans for her daughters. They were to become young ladies—poised, modest, accomplished, educated, graceful, and prepared to take their places in the world.

Shirley's father was cut from a somewhat different cloth. A native of British Guiana (now Guyana) who had grown up in Cuba and Barbados, Charles St. Hill was a tall, thin, handsome man whose hair had turned white in his early twenties. He was, in succession, a baker's



The first black woman ever elected to the U.S. Congress always has time for young people. "I try to convince them to know the system, its weaknesses and strengths, and then to use their brain power," she explains.



National political figures always receive more invitations to attend open houses, give speeches, and so on, than they can fill. Congresswoman Chisholm chose to attend a Bushwick Community League dinner, where she signed autographs for youngsters; and the first annual banquet of The Brooklyn Ladies Aide Society where afterwards she chatted with numerous individuals (middle picture).

helper, a laborer in a bag factory, and a union steward. Though he had only a fifth-grade education, he was a voracious reader and a tireless talker, a lover of politics and world affairs. He bought two or three newspapers each day and read everything within reach.

Between the two of them the St. Hills barely made ends meet, let alone save enough to buy a brownstone house and afford a college education for their children. So they shipped the girls off to her mother's farm in Vauxhall, Barbados, in 1928, where they lived with Grandmother Emily Seale for six of the most formative years of their lives. Grandmother Seale was a tall, gaunt, erect, Indian-looking woman who almost always wore her hair knotted on her neck. "I didn't know it then," Mrs. Chisholm says, "but this stately woman was one of the few persons whose authority I would never defy, or question."

When the St. Hill girls returned to Brooklyn in 1934, their parents were living in an unheated, four-room, cold-water flat with their fourth daughter who had been born during the girls' stay in Barbados.

Graduating in 1942 from Girls High School, one of

Brooklyn's oldest schools, Shirley went to Brooklyn College on a scholarship, worked in the Harriet Tubman Society, debated, and—to the horror of her mother—discovered social dancing. In four years she graduated—*cum laude*—and went on at nights to earn both an M.A. in early childhood education and a degree in administration and supervision from Columbia University. It was during this period that her political activities began to take shape. While going to school nights, she went to political meetings in Brooklyn, struck up acquaintances at the clubhouses, and worked in the background on the political circuit.

It was also during this time that she met Conrad Q. Chisholm. They have been married nearly 22 years and are very close. A senior investigator with New York City's department of social service, in charge of evaluating Medicaid applications, Conrad, a Jamaican, pushes her anyway he can. Long before women's lib became the movement it is today, he had made definite decisions about the lives of himself and his wife, and gets rather amused by assumptions about their marriage. "I am not threatened by her in any way," he once remarked. "I grew



up secure. I'm West Indian. Early in our marriage I saw Shirley's ability to get things done. I decided she'd be the star in our family, that she'd get the billing."

It was during the 18 years she worked with other politicians, writing their speeches and organizing for them, that Congresswoman Chisholm tasted the dehumanizing experience of constantly being denied the opportunity of moving ahead, of using her ability and leadership qualities to help her own community to move out of its desperate economic and social crisis. In fact, she had often remarked, of her two handicaps, being female put many more obstacles in her path than being black. "This country is just as anti feminism as it is anti black," she complains. "People are so hung up on this male versus female thing that we're losing some of our greatest brain power."

"I've traveled in 40 states in the last two years, and met some of the greatest women in this country who are being wasted because of the attitude against women."

The congresswoman from Brooklyn has been fighting for the rights of women from the time she started in politics, going to meetings and always ready and willing to ask the right questions. At one meeting she brashly asked the guest speaker, the sanitation commissioner, why trash was not picked up regularly in Bedford-Stuyvesant as it was in white neighborhoods. When she did not receive a satisfactory answer, she then wanted to know



Mrs. Chisholm's home—her only sanctuary—is off-limits to the press so she is seldom pictured with her husband, Conrad. This was taken last fall as they returned home from the polls.

why politicians who always sought the black vote never delivered on their promises.

As a member of Congress, Shirley Chisholm seldom has any leisure time, but when she does, she indulges herself in any of a half dozen or so hobbies from writing poetry and dancing to reading and playing the piano. She does not cook ("My husband does it all . . ."), but does have favorite dishes, including several highly spiced Jamaican foods—curried goat; beans and rice; and plantain; fricassee chicken; candied yams; and spaghetti and meat balls.

In 1964, eight blacks, including Shirley Chisholm, won election to the New York State Assembly, the largest number in history. Mrs. Chisholm won easily. Then the Supreme Court's one-man, one-vote ruling forced re-districting, and she had to run again almost immediately. She got even more votes the second time.

During Mrs. Chisholm's first year in the legislature's lower house—a time when neophyte legislators are supposed to be seen and not heard, when they are supposed to remain unobtrusive and not make a nuisance of themselves with veteran lawmakers—she introduced bills right and left. Eight passed and became law. She is particularly



LAND OF OUR BIRTH

*Land of our birth . . .
Tell us in words, simple and plain
The reason for all of our torturing pain.
Are we not part of this nation strong
For what have we done that is so wrong?*

*Land of our birth . . .
Tell us by deeds, sincere and true,
The reason we are not really part of the crew.
Did we not sacrifice and hoped not in vain
To be assured that there would be equal gain?*

*Land of our birth . . .
Tell us in song—hearty and loud
Amidst the singing, jostling crowd—
That we are all citizens of your realm
And that you are captain at the helm.*

*Land of our birth . . .
The time has come for action fast
We can no longer live in the past
This mighty land . . . powerful and free
Must demonstrate the real democracy.
—Shirley Chisholm*

In the House basement (above) Shirley Chisholm grabs a chance to confer with Emanuel Celler, dean of both the House and the New York delegation, before catching the subway to her office building. As a member of Congress's black caucus, she speaks at a news conference below. Mrs. Chisholm has written several poems about her political beliefs, including Land of Our Birth.



proud of a bill for a state SEEK (Search for Elevation, Education, and Knowledge) program designed to aid disadvantaged black and Puerto Rican students with college potential but lacking high-school diplomas. She also introduced legislation establishing publicly supported day-care centers and the state's first unemployment insurance coverage for personal domestic workers. Another bill corrected legal discrimination against women school-teachers.

After four years in Albany, Mrs. Chisholm made it to Washington by outdistancing two candidates in the Democratic primary in 1968, and by going on to walloping the GOP candidate, civil-rights leader James Farmer, by nearly a three to one margin.

Washington's introduction to its first black woman representative came that December, weeks before the opening of the 91st Congress. Congresswoman Chisholm's first major task was to hire an expert staff. "Many new representatives reward their supporters by putting them in staff jobs," she complains. "I knew this would be a mistake. What I needed was experience to make up for my own inexperience in Washington. After that, of course, I needed competence and loyalty."

Her staffers include six women and a man, and are considered some of the sharpest and most aggressive on Capitol Hill. Their average age is 27. They come from Washington, Virginia, Ohio, North Carolina, and New York. Some have worked as legislative assistants to other congressmen. One was once a special assistant to President Eisenhower, another a former history teacher and instructor of political science at the University of Akron.

At the opening of any congressional session the first order of business is usually committee assignments doled out by the House Ways and Means Committee. It is the first big event in any freshman congressman's career. They are asked which committee they want, yet few ever get the committee asked for, or the one they are best suited for. Seniority counts more. Thus illogical committee assignments for freshmen are routine rather than the exception.

Being an educator, and having worked for educational legislation as a New York assemblywoman, Mrs. Chisholm wanted the Education and Labor Committee, which dealt with major needs of blacks and Puerto Ricans. There were several vacancies, but Ways and Means chairman, Rep. Wilbur Mills, did not see fit to put her on it. Next she wanted the Banking and Currency Committee, which holds funds for housing construction, another major need of the poor. She also was refused that committee, and the Post Office and Civil Service Committee and the Government Operations Committee. What she did get was the Agriculture Committee's Rural Development and Forestry Subcommittee. That was too much for Mrs. Chisholm.

"Apparently all they know here in Washington about Brooklyn is that a tree grew there," she reportedly said. "I can think of no other reason for assigning me to the House Agriculture Committee."

Carefully observing protocol, she vehemently protested her assignment. She telephoned then Speaker of the House John W. McCormack. "If you do not assist me, I will do my own thing," she announced.

"Your what?" the startled septuagenarian asked.

"It means I will do what I have to do, regardless of the consequences." Then she called Ways and Means chairman and her friends in the Democratic caucus. She was eventually switched to Veterans' Affairs, where she serves on the subcommittees on Education and Training and Insurance.

The first black woman to serve in Washington had become "the first freshman legislator in memory to challenge successfully a committee assignment," one paper said. *The Boston Globe* dubbed her "Fighting Shirley," and others applauded her courage. Washington reporters loved her because she did a conspicuous thing during days of scarce political copy.

Since arriving in Washington the congresswoman has sponsored a fistful of bills and endorsed as many more. In a House speech in March of 1969, she declared that she would oppose every defense money bill "until the time comes when our values and priorities have been turned right side up again," and called upon "every mother, wife, and widow in this land" to support her position. She lent her name to an omnibus \$30 billion-per-annum "Full Opportunity Act." She also was one of the key black legislators who formed the Congressional Black Caucus—a coalition of 13 black congressmen who meet regularly to discuss legislation and programs of mutual interest.

Shirley Chisholm's priorities are for her fellow blacks. Though strongly opposed to the Indochina war, she feels that racism is America's most serious problem. "We have a domestic war going on in this country which is much more urgent," she once remarked, adding that "racism in the United States is so normal that it's invisible."

Yet Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm is still a part of the very system that has perpetuated most of the "evils" she has fought against for the last 20-odd years. She wants to change it but feels that it cannot be made workable and responsible to the needs of the masses from the outside.

"Young people constantly ask me what do I get out of this system," she says, reflecting on some of her teaching experiences at New York's New School of Social Research. "I try to convince them to get to know the system, its weaknesses and strengths, and then to use their brain power and develop the ability to maneuver and rap a little—that's my credo."

Emphasizing the need for brain power to effectively deal with the system, she is emphatic on another point: that young people should forget conventionalism and what the world will say about them if they have the courage of their convictions.

"I tell them not to worry about whether they're in their place or out of it, to do their best deeds and think their best thoughts, and to use their brains and look to God and their conscience for approval." □



High the Cross—woodcut by Howard W. Ellis

The Perils of Private Religion

By Harvey N. Chinn, *Pastor*
Faith United Methodist Church
Sacramento, California

ATTRACTIVE, indeed, is the lure of a private religion and a growing number of people in our country are opting for this religious life-style. A private religion makes you the final judge of what is right and wrong. It relieves you of the obligations that responsible citizens traditionally have assumed and puts you in complete control of your life. But there are awesome perils in this trend.

At one time in the history of Western man, there was an agreed-upon set of moral values which found their origins in natural law and revealed religion. The traditional view of morality was that there are fixed, unchanging, immutable moral values which are both absolute and objective.

Our nation's Founding Fathers, strongly influenced by a belief in "the laws of nature and of nature's God," reflected this conviction in their magnificent statement, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness." They believed that any reasonable person should be able to perceive these obvious truths.

The Christian viewpoint concerning morality and truth reflects the first chapter of Genesis which repeatedly states that "God spoke, and it was so." Moral law and truth are built right into the universe. The same God who created the physical universe also created moral principles which in turn have been revealed through divinely appointed spokesmen. At the center of these truths are the moral precepts of the Ten Commandments. Morality is rooted in God's sovereignty.

Thus God has revealed broad guidelines about what is right and wrong. Jesus, who said, "I have come not to abolish them [the law and prophets] but to fulfill them" (Matthew 5:17), strengthened the commandments of God by going deeper. He said that murder stems from the heart, that adultery results from lust in the mind. Our Lord stressed the purity of motivation.

God's eternal, absolute, objective moral standards were embodied in the laws of our land. Legislators considered it their duty to translate moral principles into understandable legal terminology. The courts have upheld these laws and tried to base their decisions upon the self-evident moral principles of God.

These moral principles have exerted a tremendous influence over human lives. Elton Trueblood has labeled it the "power of expectancy." Employers and employees expected each other to be forthright, honest, industrious, and fair. Business was conducted on the assumption that all parties would be honest and keep their word. Husbands and wives assumed that their partners would be faithful. Children could assume that their parents would

not let them down. Teachers and students lived by a common code of values. Moral values were the glue that held society together.

But the pattern has been changing. Part of this attrition has been the development of a new permissiveness in our society. Permissiveness talks about freedom, experimentation, flexibility, and self-expression. Self-discipline is almost a forgotten concept. Instead of giving to children guidelines and precepts, the permissive method allows them to express their urges, to have maximum freedom to develop their own rules. Regulations are viewed as evil factors which thwart the natural goodness that every child is supposed to possess. Self-discipline represses the human spirit. The new permissiveness has all but destroyed the concepts of standards and requirements in formal education. Grades are abolished; the elective is king; everything is optional.

Permissiveness has won an almost total victory in the arts and public entertainment. Nothing is prohibited. Indeed, nothing is left to be permissive about. One of the most popular activities in state legislatures is to repeal as many laws as possible. I could relate some almost unbelievable conversations that I have had with a new breed of legislators in my state who say, in effect, that "the function of government is to get rid of laws and to insure the maximum possible freedom for the individual." This permissive philosophy is the guiding principle in most court decisions today as one law after another is struck down and society loses the power of self-control.

Another assault on our traditional beliefs teaches that all values are relative. One can never be too sure about right and wrong. Anthropologists have gone to the far corners of the world and there studied isolated tribes (many times just a handful of people), and then generalized that ethical standards are not universal but grow out of customs, personal tastes, and local folkways.

Even within the church there are those who have jettisoned all absolute moral values. Writes an influential English bishop: "We are not here as Christians with changeless principles to apply to an alien process. . . . We must embrace the relativities and not fear them." This viewpoint is known today as situation or contextual ethics. The idea of moral absolutes is abandoned; everything depends upon the circumstances.

Many aspects of this changing scene foster the development of private religion. It is an idea that I am encountering with increasing frequency, not so much in books and magazines but in personal conversations. It is a religion that is divorced from the Bible, separate from the church, and totally lacking in objective standards. With increasing frequency I hear people say, "I don't need the church." . . . "Nobody has the right to tell me what is right and wrong." . . .

A private religion is most attractive. It makes each of us the final authority and judge of what is right and wrong. We can play the role of God for this private religion centers not in divine authority but in our feeling. Such an individualistic view of religion is extremely subjective. It says that "what is wrong for you may be right for me, and what is wrong for me may be right for you."

This acceptance of a subjective religion is reflected in today's songs and slogans: "I want to be free. I want to be me." It is a philosophy that is summed up in the Book of Judges: ". . . there was no king in Israel; every man did what was right in his own eyes."

An episode that shocked me into realizing the dangers of this entire trend in our society occurred during the Sharon Tate murder trial, which occupied headlines for months. Within two consecutive nights, August, 1969,

seven persons were murdered in Los Angeles County. Subsequently Charles Manson and three young women were indicted, tried, and convicted in court. One of the young women, Susan Atkins, spent all day on the witness stand as she was cross-examined about her part in the murders. She publicly confessed that she stabbed and killed actress Sharon Tate. The next day the Associated Press reported this dialogue between Miss Atkins and a defense attorney:

"I feel no guilt for what I've done. I was right then and I still believe it was right."

"But how can it be right to kill somebody?"

"How can it not be right when it is done with love?"

"Do you feel remorse?"

"Feel remorse for what was right? I killed Sharon Tate in love. When you kill in love, it cannot be wrong."

The peril of a private religion is the peril of anarchy. If religion is a private affair, if every man decides in his own eyes what is right and wrong, if we wait until we get into the situation and then decide on a course of action, if there are no absolute standards and everything is relative, then you end up with this kind of logic: I can kill in love and who are you to say that it is wrong!

Private religion soon becomes no religion at all. When a person says that right and wrong are all a matter of taste, he can justify anything he wants to do. Several years ago a former cabinet member said exactly that: he had a right to decide when to tell the truth and when to lie if the national security was at stake. A critic pointed out that when a country adopts this policy, its word soon means nothing in the community of nations.

A private religion leads an employee to steal from his employer by reasoning, "After all, I helped to earn this money. My needs are greater than those of the corporation." Or a married man may tire of his wife of 25 years when he finds a younger woman attractive. He reasons, "I've been cheated. I'm not appreciated, and time is slipping away. After all, it's love so it must be right."

The freedom and possibilities of a private religion are endless. A revolutionary can bomb a public building, destroying not only property but lives, and justify his actions by calling them "attention-getting devices." The Sadducees can reason to themselves that this Jesus of Nazareth is a threat to orthodox religion. Therefore, we must do God a favor and protect orthodoxy by crucifying him. And Susan Atkins can take the witness stand and say, "When you kill in love, it cannot be wrong."

Private religion leads not to freedom but to slavery. We are left at the mercy of our glands and drives. When freedom becomes absolute, anarchy results. Will and Ariel Durant pointed this out in their excellent volume *The Lessons of History* (Simon and Schuster, \$5): ". . . the first condition of freedom is its limitation; make it absolute and it dies in chaos."

I confess that the idea of a private religion is very attractive. It is especially desirable to those who are strong, clever, and have money. It means that they can justify anything they want to do. Ethical values become whims of our emotions and idols of our selfishness.

I submit that we need a new emphasis on the unchanging moral principles of God. We need the church and its accumulated wisdom of the ages. We need the collective wisdom of society. When the rich young ruler came to Christ inquiring about the higher way of life, our Lord answered, "If you would enter into life, keep the commandments."

Jesus came not to destroy the law and the prophets but to fulfill them. To enjoy the abundant life, we must recover our heritage and acknowledge the sovereignty of God. □

Letters

WE LEARN FROM THOSE WITH WHOM WE DIFFER

You may confidently expect the cancellation of my subscription to our magazine when you start to print only articles with which I already agree. In a long lifetime I have learned little from those whose ideas were the same as mine. I do not always agree with some of the ideas expressed, but as often as not a close study of the other person's position has changed mine.

I am often amazed at the art work and wonder what on earth the artist had in mind. Then some tablemate here expresses admiration and appreciation of that same picture and certainly his view is as good as mine.

Frankly, I like *Together* just as it is and commend the editorial staff for producing a magazine of its calibre.

GEORGE L. WHITLOCK
Methodist Homes for the Aged
Topeka, Kans.

'MORE RESPONSIBILITY THAN ANY OTHER JOB'

I've read many articles with which I cannot agree. But never has one small sentence upset me to the point of writing the editor. Until now, that is.

The remark that upsets me is in Marjorie Hyer's article on *Women's Lib, Off the Streets, Into the Pews* [July, page 14]. She says, regarding a housewife:

"But by night she sighs and ponders, 'There must be more to life than this.'"

As far as I am concerned, this is life! What else can offer anyone—man or woman—more fulfillment than actually molding the future? Shaping another person's life is an awesome responsibility, and this is what a mother does.

One of my favorite quotes is,

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"God could not be everywhere so he created mothers." I don't translate this to mean that a mother is "next to God." Rather, it means to me that God chose women especially for the role of motherhood.

Why would any woman feel unfulfilled if she is "just a housewife"? Being a wife and mother involves more responsibility than any other job—and more satisfaction.

My family's physical needs are not my prime reason for living. My most important task is simply sharing life with the people who mean the most to me. I do not gauge my success as a woman by how often I scrub and wax, how much I bake, how clean my children's faces, or how neatly starched their clothes. If the supper dishes are still on the counter this morning, so what! I had something more important to do last night—like taking a walk with the children to see how much their garden grew yesterday, or sitting on the back porch discussing your *Women's Lib* article with my husband!

MRS. JUDY EAST
Ossian, Ind.

WHAT WOMEN WANT: THE POWER OF 'TOUCH AND GO'

The article by Marjorie Hyer on *Women's Lib* is a *la mode* and, like all fashions, more to indicate the passing passion of an ephemeral season than to express the abiding substance of a coming vital and significant culture. The essence of *Women's Lib* is the philosophy of "touch and go." Irresponsible men have the power of "touch and go"; rootless women want it.

In all stable human relations there is hierarchical order, and ours is incurably a culture with man at the top. God is "he," and Christian love is fatherly love. The myth of the rib is ineradicable, and its wallop is enduring. It is a wild idea, but true!

One needs only to conjure up the image of a female general of the army to see the Pentagonish perversity that, in the end, is the telos of this *lib* philosophy. Appropriately, the touch-and-go psychology of the military mind is in perfect contrast to all normal femininity—and those gals who espouse *Women's Lib* but still insist they have no intention of negating their feminine selves are only evidence of some of the sorriest effects of this particular brand of man's-world. What healthy women really want and need are "can-do" and "take-charge" men.

Christian marriage is based on the principle of hierarchical order, as one finds out, for example, when a female psychiatrist married to an eminent physician refuses to move across country and play a good second fiddle to her husband. Alas, she says that she has to be "a person," and the marriage, with children, goes down the drain. It is better to play second fiddle than not to fiddle.

Something's got to give. As two objects cannot occupy the same space, so a nonhierarchical marriage is a human and Christian travesty. Any woman who can't "keep herself only unto him" (not "unto herself") would well not choose to marry. Let her neuter it out alone.

PAUL A. REYNOLDS
Professor Emeritus
Wesleyan University
Middletown, Conn.

BEAUTIFUL LANGUAGE ABUSED

For many years I have enjoyed *Together*, but why must you print such articles as *Letters From Elsewhere*? The English language is beautiful when words are spelled correctly. Why give us trash?

Love Is a Link in the May issue is a wonderful article. It carried a message to many who have aged relatives needing care.

MRS. ALICE STANFORD
Sherman, N.Y.

FUTURE NOT VIEWED FROM CHRISTIAN PERSPECTIVE

I have read with growing dismay and then agony your *Viewpoint, The Future of America* [July, page 22]. It would be a fine piece of work for *Time* magazine or *Business Week*, but it does not view the future of our country from a Christian perspective, and, because of that, it fails miserably in being helpful to the church. In fact, it undermines what we ought to be saying and doing as the visible expression of the gospel in our century. Specifically, four things disturbed me:

1. You hold up a false god with your description of our Declaration of Independence and constitutional government. As men who have the mind of Christ, we need to see all governments, especially our own, through his eyes. The facts are that the Declaration itself was a compromise with those who wanted slavery; we have been polarized on many

things from the start; and our glorious past is a bit of a bloody mess.

2. You are concerned with the effect of change on our nation, but you neglect to appeal to the only unchangeable there is—God. Jesus had harsh words for the Pharisees who were the religious traditionalists of his time. His radical love did not fit neatly with their tradition at all and his love does not fit neatly with either the American or the Methodist tradition today.

3. "Wiring all kinds of people into the system" sounds like making us all cogs in a giant "democracy machine" in the naive belief that the majority always comes out on the side of God.

4. Of course we must listen to one another, but until we begin listening to Jesus Christ it will all be wishful thinking.

In short, neither neat adjustment nor democracy nor some kind of holy view of our American institutions nor any other man-made scheme of mechanics or politics is able to take the place of the One who created this whole thing and who calls us to be his sons and daughters. Only a response to that call can represent any kind of future for America or any nation.

WALTER A. MINER, JR.
Nutley, N.J.

SURELY NOT ALL ARE SO JUDGMENTAL OF YOUTH

I read with interest your *Stimulus / Response* feature, *On Not Throwing Bricks* [June, page 23]. The steps peaceful young people take toward violence were thoughtfully and, I felt, accurately portrayed by the student writer, David V. Mays.

How disappointed I was to see that you only published replies which said, in effect: "Naughty! Naughty!" "Dirty Communist plot!" or, "Fold your hands and wait; some day you, too, will have the great wisdom we possess."

Surely not all of us between 45 and 60 are so self-satisfied and judgmental.

As Harrison Brown said in *After the Population Explosion* in the June 26 issue of *Saturday Review*, "I am convinced that young people today more often than not have a clearer picture of the world and its problems than do their elders . . . I foresee the emergence of a new human attitude in which people the world over work

together "to improve life's quality."

It is this attitude of cooperative problem-solving that we need. How sad it is when we middle-aged people answer youth's comments with such comments as "immature" and "blind." I especially disagree with the statement, "Young people think they think, but alas, it is false." Since when is thinking the exclusive property of a certain age group?

I enjoyed the *Stimulus* article, but please, *Together*, let's have a more balanced Response.

MAE BELLE DOTY
Minneapolis, Minn.

Our aim in selecting Response comments is to reflect as nearly as possible the attitudes represented by the letters we receive. No effort is made to balance or unbalance the sampling of readers' views far or against the views of the *Stimulus* author.—Your Editors

FAN LETTER ON ITS WAY

Last week I wrote my first fan letter—to Jane Merchant, my favorite poet. But I had no address so just sent it to the Tennessee city where Miss Merchant lives. In Montana such a letter would reach a famous local artist, but Knoxville must be too large. My letter was returned to me.

Since *Together* has published Jane Merchant's work, I think you surely have her address. Would you please forward this letter of mine to her?

I first became acquainted with Jane Merchant's work at a district Women's Society meeting and have since enjoyed several of her poems in your magazine and have bought several of her books.

Shall I add that our family enjoys your magazine? It's the truth!

MRS. ROBERT G. ADAMS
Valier, Mont.

We're Jane Merchant fans, too, so we're glad to forward Mrs. Adams's letter to her.—Your Editors

BROOKLYN HOSPITAL OLDEST? NOT IF INDIA IS INCLUDED

I was intrigued by the picture on page 20 of the May issue showing a plaque unveiling at the Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn, N.Y. It was said to be the "oldest known Methodist hospital in the world," established in 1881.

Retired Bishop Shot K. Mondol

and his wife were in our home recently and we wish to call to your attention that Methodists had medical work which started in India in 1870 when the first unit of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society sent Dr. Clara A. Swain and Miss Isabella Thoburn to India.

Dr. Swain built her first hospital building in 1873 in Bareilly, and that building is still in use. Perhaps the Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn would wish to share a tithe of the funds it seeks to raise for its \$80 million expansion to replace other nearly 100-year-old hospital buildings at Bareilly.

EUGENE M. RIEL, D.D.S.
Dayton, Ohio

Dr. and Mrs. Riel returned to the U.S. in 1966 after eight years of special missionary service in India. Dr. Riel gave up a 32-year dental practice in Dayton to become staff dentist at Clara Swain Hospital, and Mrs. Riel (Alice) was an occupational therapist there. Dr. Riel established what was believed to be the only mobile dental clinic in India, using a mobile trailer purchased and outfitted by Ohio Methodists. Mrs. Riel built and equipped a physical-medicine unit with help of H. A. Harris.—Editors

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Your Faith

Christians seeking truth always have questions about their faith, and Iowa Bishop James S. Thomas discusses some of them each month on this page. Send yours to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.



How can we know the will of God?

✦ It is not easy to know the difference between one's own deepest desires and the will of God. Nor is it easy to find God's will simply by contemplation. Among the many experiences of devout men and women, three types stand out: a sudden revelation; a step-by-step unfolding of events; and the quiet enlightenment of mind and heart.

A bolt of lightning that frightened Martin Luther forced him to face deep

inner searchings and, eventually, the will of God. John Wesley's heartwarming experience came after struggle, doubt, fear, and the effort to save himself. Even today many of us take the best step we can see in the light that we have. We do not know beforehand whether it is God's will or not. But later, as we look back, we can see a definite pattern of love and fulfillment.

Where do you begin when you do not know how to pray?

✦ Prayer is deeper than words. We can begin at any point where we happen to be. It is a mistake to think of prayer simply as holy language. The words of the hymn lead us to a deeper level: "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire/Unuttered or expressed." To pray is not to frame great words for the benefit of an audience. It is to recognize oneself as a person, a creature, a human being whose creator is God. Prayer is the earnest desire for a relationship with another, a

cry for help, or a song of praise.

Let us suppose that a person is caught in circumstances so tragic that his only cry is a call for help. In that moment, his cry is a prayer. It may not be a very good prayer because it is very selfish, but prayer it is. There is no such thing as a nonpraying person. There are good prayers and bad prayers, reverent prayers and indifferent prayers, spoken prayers and silent prayers, but always there is prayer.

Why is it so hard to be honest?

✦ Among many reasons, three stand out. First, we do not know ourselves well enough to know when we are completely honest. The saints know this better than most men. Maybe this is why they pray for an understanding heart. Second, our motives are almost always mixed. Even when we think we are acting out of purely unselfish motives, an indifferent or angry attitude on the part of another person usually produces the same in us. Third, so much of what passes for honesty is simply another name for veiled cruelty. To tell a person exactly

what you think of him may seem to be very honest, but it is often an expression of a desire to hurt.

Honesty is a matter of openness and self-disclosure. It puts the matter on a higher plane than simply "telling it like it is." Honesty is the desire to reveal your real self to someone else and accept him as the real person he is. It is the practice of seeing the wrong in ourselves and weighing that carefully when we judge others. Honesty is seeing ourselves in terms of God's righteousness rather than the world's respectability.

Does your minister need you more than you realize?

Consider his situation. He's no stranger to "executive" stress and strain. The pressures of his work are possibly equal or greater than those you yourself experience.

In a recent nationwide study of minister stress, individual ministers candidly spoke of tensions in their profession: "Almost wanted to leave the ministry—felt I could not trust even the leadership of the church."

"I just didn't know what I was doing or supposed to do."

"Tried to be forgiving, patient and understanding."

Didn't work. I resigned."

"... my career had come to an end because my denomination generally and legalistically shows no understanding or compassion . . ."

There is something that laymen can do. Start by answering these questions candidly:

Does our congregation talk with the minister instead of about him?

Do we agree with him on common goals for the church? On church project priorities?

On what's expected of him and what he expects from others?

Does he receive sufficient clerical help with church office operations?

Can he depend on enthusiastic volunteers to assist with fund raising, visitation, evangelism and church school teacher recruitment?

If your answers are "no", changes need to be made.

You may be the key. He won't reach out for help. But he'll welcome support nevertheless. He's a man of the cloth—but he's still a man.

Think about it.

Reprints of this public service message for distribution to your local church officials are available on request.

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Teens

BY DALE WHITE

THE AGE of the Pill! Isn't it wonderful? Now a girl can choose whether to become pregnant or not.

The magazine articles and TV documentaries hail the advances in birth-control methods. "A new morality of sexual freedom has arrived!" the mass media declare. We have the Pill for pregnancies and penicillin for VD. What a marvelous age!

Unfortunately, a lot of kids seem to be buying the new morality without realizing that contraceptives don't work unless you use them—with skill and consistency. At least I have a file of letters from scared girls who are pregnant and don't know what to do.

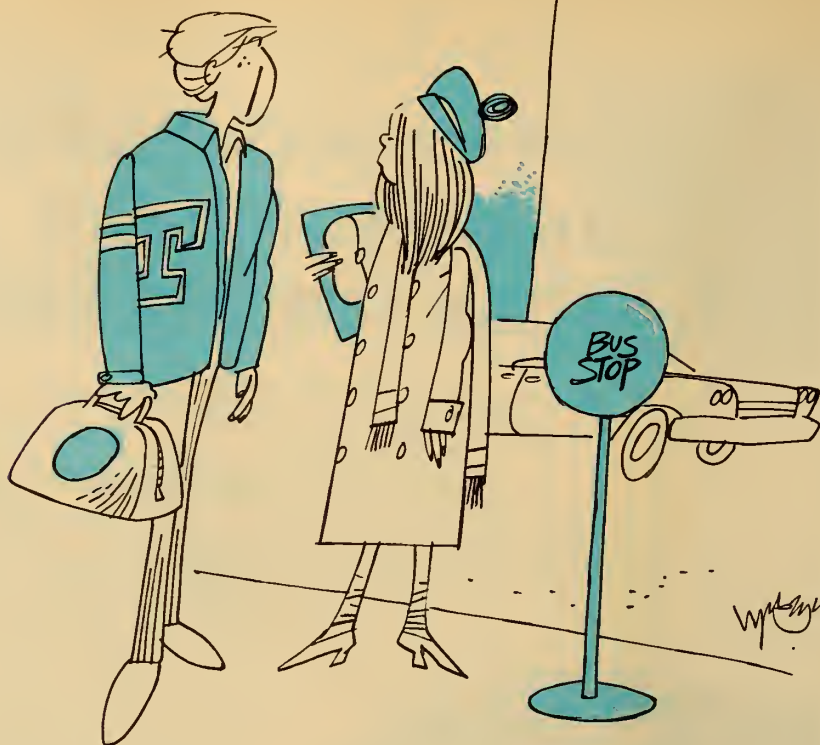
Out-of-wedlock pregnancy is still a frightening and humiliating experience, in spite of our more enlightened ways of helping girls in trouble. Often a young couple will hide their problem until the last possible moment. They go through weeks of terror. What will people say? What on earth will they do? They try dangerous home remedies for abortion, or run away, or get secretly married.

It is all so foolish and unnecessary. That's why I say to girls in trouble:

Tell your parents! You will have to tell them eventually so why not now? "They'll kill me if they find out!" They won't. I have known few parents who failed to be helpful in such a crisis. "But they trusted me!" True, but it is lots better to confess and get the guilt out of your system.

Go to your family doctor! In spite of the new sex-education courses, false information about how you become pregnant or how you tell if you are pregnant bounces around every high school. If you think you might be pregnant, go to your doctor. He alone can do tests to find out for sure. If you are, he knows how to help you find a home for unwed mothers or counselors to advise you on the best course to take.

Go to your minister! Your minister or other counselor can help you to



Cartoon by Dave Harbaugh

"I'm glad they're holding the dance in the gym, . . .
Maybe we can shoot a few baskets . . ."

tell your parents, and can bring a note of calm into a stormy situation. He can help you to weigh every decision. Is marriage best? Or adoption? Is abortion ethical? Young people and parents need to talk through their feelings. A skilled listener is worth fine gold when feelings run high.



Our school is very socially oriented. It seems that nearly everyone belongs to social clubs, those which have pledging, and so forth. I'm sure I'm not the only person against these cliques, but it seems so. I love life, school, and all my activities, but I don't feel these secret clubs are necessary or right. I don't feel a person really has the right to decide if another person is good enough for him. Why can't people be accepted for what they are?—J.C.

I'm with you! One of the most encouraging signs we see among young adults these days is this revolt against putting people into categories and stacking them by rank. A new, more democratic spirit is coming out among older youth. Read *The Greening of America* by

Charles A. Reich (Random House, \$1.95, paper). It will encourage you to see that young people are beginning to throw off some of the old, rigid straitjackets.



What would you do if you came from a home where your parents were very active in church activities? I think my father serves on about five commissions in our church. He is also very active in community affairs. My mother is an officer in two of her clubs and attends three more. During the winter they average being away at least two nights a week, but some weeks they are gone four nights.

I'm 17 now, and I seem to be realizing a lot. I feel like I come and go from a house, not a home. Everybody respects my parents so I couldn't talk to anyone at church. That's why I thought of writing you. What should I do? It's getting worse now. My friends' families do so much together: spend days on trips, have long talks, even shop together.—N.O.

Parents don't usually set out to neglect their kids this way. They

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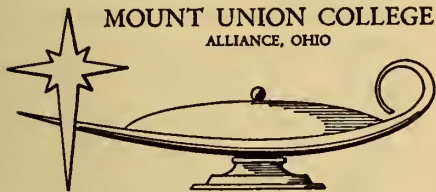
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just drift into it. They get all tangled up in their own interests and involvements. The more they do for the community, the more the community pushes onto them. If no one blows the whistle on them, they may not even notice how barren their home has become for the children.

Why not discuss it with your minister? Let your parents know how you are feeling. They may be able to take themselves in hand, once they see how important it is to you.



I'm a girl, 16 years old. My father is a United Methodist minister. I have grown up in a large family surrounded by love and influenced in God's ways. There are times when we don't get along too well, but things always work out somehow. Still, there's a void in my life I feel sure God could fill, if I only knew how to go about it. I read the Bible, and pay attention to theological discussions (which I often have a chance to do), and I feel close to God, but not really close. There are so many things I want to understand about him and how he wants me to live my life.

I know of no one I can talk to. I respect and love my father very much, but I just can't talk to him about this very well. It's hard for me to explain, but I'm sure other kids have the same problems with parents. I can't turn to any other adult I know because most of them are hypocrites.

So I have turned to you, asking for advice, perhaps specific literature I can read, or any other help you can give me.—J.K.

Our own children have been enriched in their spiritual growth by knowing outstanding Christian ministers, counselors, and teachers. While I am a minister, I know that we cannot lead our young people to Christian maturity all by ourselves. That's why we are so grateful for the people they have met at church camps, UMYF meetings and retreats, work camps, and the like.

Why not scout around and find



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camping and retreat experiences open to you? Or plan your own UMYF retreats, bringing in the best leaders you can find. Don't forget about the college courses in Bible and religion you will soon be taking. In visiting new parishioners, I find I can often tell after only a brief conversation those who have taken such courses in college. They show a noticeable alertness to theological issues.



I am a university student, age 20. I have a complaint about your column which I feel is valid and

must be brought to your attention. It is your overt tendency to be ridiculously wishy-washy. Some of these kids have super problems and what they need is hard core reality, not a bunch of rhetoric from the middle of the road.

I saw a classic in the June issue. It was the article about the kid who was one quarter black and was stuck on how to handle racism. What this kid wanted was encouragement to stand up and defend something which he believed very deeply in. Instead, you tell him that you are not qualified to handle this problem! Perhaps you should not be writing this column if you are not qualified to handle a relatively simple thing such as this.

All you had to do was to tell him that he should stand up and defend blacks whenever he hears anybody put them down. He doesn't have to reveal his family's "terrible secret." As far as dating black chicks is concerned, he should do what he feels is right. After all, if we're Christians, there should be no hassle, right? Personally, I know some really far-out colored chicks.

You had a chance to give this kid some really heavy advice on one of the sickest aspects of our sick society, and you copped right out! The only way we're going to get anywhere in this world is to set examples: examples of peace; examples of brotherhood; not examples of violence, which is where many college students go wrong. You had a chance to lead this kid in this direction, a direction which I will try to devote my life to.

In this world, one must stick to one's beliefs because it's too easy to go by another person's standards. We can't have people coping out on meaningful issues, and unless you are content to stay in the middle of the road, I suggest that you start to look at your advice in a different light. What are you afraid of, anyway?

If I may cite one more example from the same issue. I might tackle the one from the 17-year-old who had to be in at nine. You beat around the bush for a while, finally ending with something about curfew in certain areas. You know as well as I do that a 17-year-old should be allowed out until midnight on the weekends. His parents are wrong for putting such a ridiculous restriction on their son so why don't you say it?—A.C.

OUCH!

Tell Dr. Dale White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through *Teens*. Write to him in care of TOGETHER, P.O. Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. Dr. White, author of *Teens* since early 1966, has long worked with youth. He earned his doctor of philosophy degree in psychology and ethics from Boston University and is presently serving as a district superintendent in the Southern New England Annual Conference.

—Your Editors

Together we can help them



UNICEF PHOTO

Together, we'll buy UNICEF enough vaccine to protect 3 children against Diphtheria, Whooping Cough and Tetanus. Just mail us proofs of purchase from any two Hunt's Snack Pack™ outside cartons. Join Hunt's Snack Pack, and other manufacturers, in helping the world's needy children.

HERE'S WHAT TO DO

Many of you help UNICEF every year by collecting money in the Trick or Treat Program at Halloween. This year, a second nationwide program called UNICEF Treat Of Life is underway to help children in need throughout the world.

Through Snack Pack, Hunt-Wesson Foods is joining the U.S. Committee for UNICEF (United Nations Children's Fund) in bringing medical aid to these millions of underprivileged children. For every two back ingredient panels from Hunt's Snack Pack cartons you send us, we'll send UNICEF 15¢ to buy DPT triple vaccine to im-

mune three children against Diphtheria, Whooping Cough and Tetanus.

HELP GET OTHERS INVOLVED!

Here are some ideas on how you can make this program successful.

1. Organize the children going back to school in your neighborhood to save Snack Pack cartons.
2. Speak to the teachers in your children's classes or your PTA and set up a collection program on a class basis or for the whole school.
3. Ask your Church group or Social Club to get involved and set up their own collection agency.

Send all back ingredient panels from Snack Pack cartons by November 15, 1971 to:

TREAT OF LIFE
U.S. Committee for UNICEF
Box 3480, Clinton, Iowa 52732

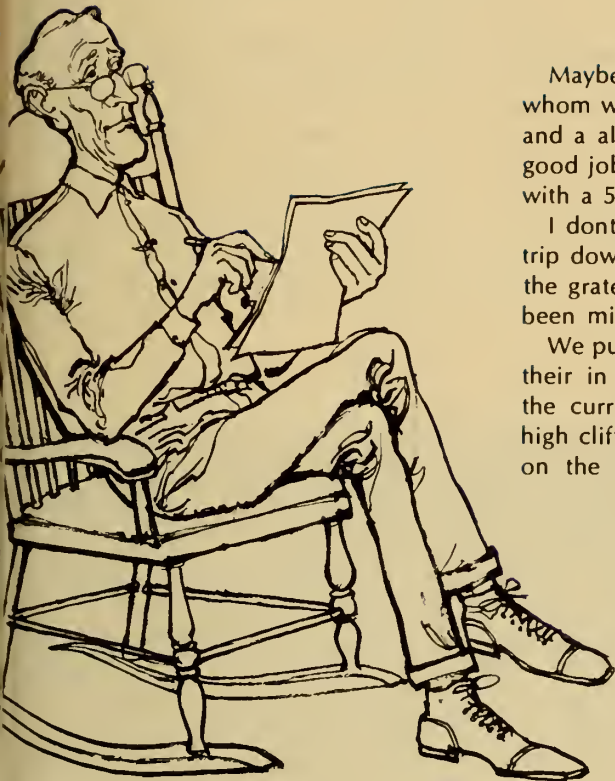
Watch for the ad in the October issue of Reader's Digest as Hunt's Snack Pack joins other known products in the UNICEF Treat of Life Program.

Although no UNICEF endorsement of any products is intended, the U.S. Committee for UNICEF welcomes your support of this program.



HUNT'S SNACK PACK™

'How Cum you don't Never Run No Artickles on Cussing?'



Dear Editur:

I dont want you to think I am critisizing your fine magazine to which I am a reglar contrib. xcept I did miss a issue about a year ago and some readers jumped up and down and shouted hooray, hooray, but others wrote in to ast what ever happened, we mist Mr. Hegbert Clutter's Letters from Elsewhere.

However, Mr. Editur, and I dont want you to think I am trying to run your magazine for you, how cum you dont never run no artickles on cussing?

Now I dont know if cussing is the worst sin their is, but it is the worst one ever preformed in my presents by our oldest boy Clayborn Clutter while we was on a float trip down the Big Buffalo river, last Oct.

Maybe you have herd of Clayborn whom was a all districk in basketball and a all state in football and has a good job in Tulsa and a 16-foot boat with a 5 1/2 H. P. motor.

I dont guess you ever took a float trip down the Buffalo, Mr. Editur, so the gratest xperience of your life has been mist.

We put in at Tom's Landing way up their in the mountains and just let the currant carry us along between high clifts on 1 side and thick woods on the other side. The leaves was

just begining to turn colors and was reflected in the water as clear as in a mirrer. The clifts was all colors also but was mostly the color of a lephants hide with green moss on it and so high in some places the trees on top of them looked like little weeds growing up their.

When we come down some rapids into a long smooth pool, Clay said "This is where I am going to catch me a big bass," but he didnt.

We didnt catch nothing all day but cud see the big ones swimming all around under the boat. When the sun begun to go down behind the clifts Clay said maybe we shud put in somewheres for the night and no sooner had he said it when something struck hard at his line which was trailing in the water behind the boat.

"Grab the pole and set the hook in his mouth," I tole Clay. "Hurry or he will get away."

I never seen a bigger bass than the 1 that leaped 3 foot out of the water and flopped off the hook.

Now this is where I cum to the

cussing, Mr. Editur, altho I have put it off as long as posible. My boy Clay was brought up not to cuss or use fowl language of any kind, and I shure am glad his mamma wasnt their to hear him.

Clay he stomped and cussed and fell over bord and caught on to the side of the boat and was still cussing when we pulled the boat up on a pretty stretch of sand.

Later we got a tree trunk out of the woods acrost from the clifts and started a fire with some of my dry matches. A big owl begun to hoot somewheres clost by, and the stars cum out overhed. We cud hear the water talking as it went over the sholes but that was all the talking that was did for a long time, altho Clay kept looking at me like he xpected me to say something which I finally did.

"My boy," I said, "you used some words that I remember, some that I have forgot, and some that I never herd of before. You took the name of the Lord in vain like I never herd anybody do, not even old Bob Brown whom is the worst cusser ever lived around Elsewhere."

Clay said "I cant take them words back, pop, but why is it such a sin to cuss and what does it mean where the Good Book says Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord in vain."

Well, Mr. Editur, I shure wisht my preacher Bro. Harol Viktor had bin their to xplain, but he wasnt so I done the best I cud.

"When you was a little boy, Clay, you was a very skinney spindle legged thing. Your arms was no bigger than broom sticks. You didnt eat good and your mamma and me was worried.

"Then you decided you was going to be a big athlete like Bob Richards or Bart Starr and you begun to lift

RESPITE

He is no scarecrow in that corn
whatever you may think.
He is a man
who worked his field
and having gathered in the yield
was reluctant to depart,
leave the sky, the wind, the rain,
to spend the winter in a house
with small talk dripping from the eaves.



When his friends went to the fire,
he stayed behind and let himself
be mesmerized by witch and elf
until he, too, could stand the cold
to while away the winter days
as winds that flapped his thin arms round
brought birds to roost on his beat hat,
with rabbits snuggling at his feet
and mice among the dry cornstalks
companions for the night.

Children looking through the dusk
pitied the poor broken wretch
out in the cold and snow and storm,
till hustled off to bed, they slept
while he was party to the sight
of every sun that rose or set,
and rested mind and heart until
when spring translated him to life,
he could again endure the sight
of brawling people and not shrink
from clacking tongues loosed on his ear.

—L. A. Davidson

rocks and logs and run over 3 miles to and from school ever day. You didnt cuss and say I am nuthing but a skinney little weekling, make me big and strong Lord. You done something about it yourself.

"You lost that big fish because you wasnt paying any attention to your line and because you was too xcited to set the hook in his mouth. What did you want the Lord to do, touch you on the sholder and say, 'Hey, a big bass is about to grab your hook, Clay Clutter.' And did you want the Lord to set the hook for you?"

"Of coarse I didnt," Clay said.

"Well I hate to see a big strong young man like you cuss. It shows he aint in charge and cant take care of them little things he shudnt ast the Lord to bother with."

Their was a thin sickle shaped moon coming up over the big trees to the east and Clay layed their by the fire for a long time looking up at the sky.

"I shud have been satisfied that the Lord made such a pretty place as the Big Buffalo," Clay said. "I shudnt of blastphemed that grate big fish, this hear pretty river, and that nice boat of mine I fell out of. It was all my falt, pop."

Well, the next day was fine, we caught some big blue channel cat-fish, and when we got home I went over and talked to Bro. Viktor about cussing and tole him what I had said to Clay. Bro. Viktor said that wasnt xactly the way he wood have said it but if it worked no harm was did.

Which I dont guess their was, Mr. Editur, for when Clay got back to Tulsa he wrote me a letter and said on the way back he had two flat tars, and some transmissum truble but didnt cuss onct.

Sinsereley,
H. Clutter

BOOKS

WRITTEN, according to author Louis Cassels, for "wistful agnostics and reluctant atheists," *The Reality of God* (Doubleday, \$4.95) is a book for people who wish they had faith but are afraid it isn't intellectually respectable.

It is equally for practicing Christians for Cassels, who writes a weekly religion column that appears in 500 newspapers from coast to coast, writes with infectious confidence. Disbelief today is widespread, he thinks, not because the evidence for God has been weighed and found wanting but because contemporary culture has conditioned us to reject uncritically the whole idea of a reality that transcends the natural world.

"When examined with an open mind," he says, "the evidence for the reality of God is very strong." He knows that this reality can be tested and verified by personal experience. He knows it, he says, because he has tried it and it works.

Another TOGETHER staff member, Martha Lane, has read *The Reality of God*. "I wish it came in paperback," she told me, "so I could buy half a dozen copies and give them to people I know." I wish it did, too. And surely in time it will.

Spying *Textile Art in the Church* (Abingdon, \$27.50) on my worktable, a writer friend raised his eyebrows slightly. "That's specialized," he said, but he picked it up and we lost him to the conversation for a time.

A comprehensive survey of the use of vestments, paraments, and hangings in contemporary worship, art, and architecture, *Textile Art in the Church* is indeed specialized. And, as befits a thorough examination of a rather technical subject, Marion P. Ireland's text is somewhat slow-moving and studious. Mrs. Ireland knows her subject well, though. She holds graduate degrees in both religion and the

White paraments by Marion P. Ireland are used during Christmas and Easter by the First United Methodist Church, Garden Grove, Calif. From Textile Art in the Church.



From Textile Art in the Church by Marion P. Ireland. Copyright © 1971 by Abingdon Press.

fine arts, and her own textile work brought her a first prize at the Ecclesiastical Arts Competition held by the National Conference on Religious Architecture in 1968.

For the nonspecialist the real delight of this big, handsome book is in the quality of its design and book-making and the successive delight of its illustrations. All banner makers will be fascinated. The book itself, incidentally, received an Award of Merit in the North American Graphic Arts Competition sponsored by the printing industry.

Early in the summer of 1970 Mrs. Winifred Bryant and her 12-year-old daughter Twila applied to become the first black members of Birmingham, Alabama's First Baptist Church, which had been exclusively white for 98 years. Early in October, 1970, the

congregation voted to deny membership to Mrs. Bryant and her daughter, and the minister, several staff members, and some 300 church members resigned in protest. They have formed a new, integrated congregation.

Actually, the crisis had begun at least two years earlier when the Rev. J. Herbert Gilmore, Jr., became pastor of the church. Committed to a ministry that embraced the surrounding community, a changing neighborhood on the edge of the central business district with a large low-income housing project across the street from the church, he preached and practiced the love of God for blacks as well as for whites.

His sermons are collected in *When Love Prevails: A Pastor Speaks to a Church in Crisis* (Eerdmans, \$3.95), strongly biblical messages in which he attempted to speak to a church in

crisis. Dr. Gilmore acknowledges that these sermons did, indeed, divide the congregation, but his final sermon stresses that what happens at the local church level is of ultimate significance because this is where the gospel must take root in the world.

The stresses black Americans meet in their growing up make the incidence of paranoid illness much higher among them than among whites, black psychiatrists William H. Grier and Price M. Cobbs pointed out in *Black Rage* (Basic Books, \$5.95).

Now, in *The Jesus Bag* (McGraw-Hill, \$6.95) they say that while religion was something that slave-

A New Bible Commentary for Laymen

THE BIBLE had its beginnings in the oral traditions of a people who lived thousands of years ago in a land thousands of miles away. It was set down by scribes, many of them unknown, in several different languages.

It has been translated, edited. It has been copied and sometimes mis-copied by monks. It has been printed, reprinted, and sometimes misprinted. No wonder, then, that we need to know something about the times out of which it came, the lives and customs of its people, and the symbolism in which so much of its message is expressed if we are to approach its full meaning.

Bible readers who want to increase their understanding of the Scriptures now have an absorbing new guide in *The Interpreter's One-Volume Commentary on the Bible*, published September 7 by Abingdon Press.

Readable and interesting, this remarkable new commentary reflects such a high standard of scholarship that it is expected to be the work against which all similar commentaries of this century will be measured.

Abingdon, the book publishing arm of The Methodist Publishing House, is already the publisher of two multi-volume references that are accepted as standard by biblical scholars. These are *The Interpreter's Bible* and *The Interpreter's Dictionary of the Bible*. The new one-volume commentary,

however, is not a digest of either of these. It is all original work reflecting the knowledge that has come to biblical scholars as a result of archaeological discoveries and new research techniques in the most recent years.

Its development began seven years ago when Abingdon set out to create a commentary for laymen, church-school teachers, college and seminary students, and other Bible readers who are not biblical scholars. Its planners soon realized that such a volume could also be a valuable resource for many ministers and professors as well.

"We think anyone who studies the Bible will want to use it," says Dr. Emory Stevens Bucke, book editor of the publishing house and Abingdon's senior editor.

With this in mind, the one-volume commentary has been priced at little more than the cost of a couple of best-sellers, its regular edition \$17.50 and a thumb-indexed edition \$19.50. Until the end of December the price will be \$14.95 for the regular edition and \$16.50 for the thumb-indexed edition.

Based on the Revised Standard Version of the Bible, it includes commentary on each book of the Old and New Testaments and on the Apocrypha. Forty-three general articles cover a broad range of historical, geographic, cultural, and religious knowledge. Color maps, sketch maps, pictures, charts giving chronology and money measures, and indexes round

out the kind of background a modern reader needs to understand an ancient book.

Dr. Charles M. Laymon, chairman of United Methodist-related Florida Southern College's department of religion, well known for his own biblical scholarship as well as experience as an author and adult-curriculum editor, edited the work of 70 contributors to the 1,386-page work. Chosen first for their scholarship and next for their ability to put their knowledge in writing, they represent Jewish, Roman Catholic, and Protestant backgrounds. All come from English-speaking countries—the United States, Canada, Scotland, Ireland, and England. They are surprisingly young—their average age is 45. And three of them are women.

"First we attempted to bring to life what the Scriptures meant to their original readers," said Dr. Laymon. "Then we attempted to interpret them for today's readers."

"People say, 'The Bible says . . . ' but they don't always understand what it means," he continued.

In fact, surely one of the most wondrous things about this most wondrous of books is that throughout all the years it has never lost its ability to reveal the unfolding story of man's relationship with God and the truth that was Jesus Christ.

—Helen Johnson

masters forced on blacks as a weapon of control, black men and women have refined and built a morality on it that offers the prescription for healing the racial war in America.

The Black Church in America (Basic Books, \$10) sees its subject not only as an institution that has been attractive but one that has benefited from such external forces as white racism and the broad social restrictions on Negroes in maintaining its hold on the community.

This does not mean that the black church was in any way plotting to subvert its own members, write co-editors Hart M. Nelsen, Raytha L. Yokley, and Anne K. Nelsen. "It was as much the victim as the betrayer." They believe that this period of the black church's existence is fast coming to an end.

The Black Church in America presents a broad range of historical, sociological, and literary material written by widely diverse observers, among them: Booker T. Washington, Gunnar Myrdal, W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, Martin Luther King, Jr., and Albert B. Cleage, Jr.

Throughout the miserable, hot summer 55 men labored to create a daring new form of government. It was 1787, and the document that came out of their deliberations was the Constitution of the United States. To tell the story for young people former history teacher Selma R. Williams went back to James Madison's original notes on proceedings and to descriptions of fellow delegates found in William Pierce of Georgia's diary. **Fifty-five Fathers** (Dodd, Mead, \$4.50) has a you-are-there immediacy that makes it a hard book to put down.

We don't know anything about Jesus' life between the ages of 12 and 30, which was the period when betrothal and marriage customarily took place in Jewish culture. Many Christians are shocked at the idea that he might have had a wife, but William E. Phipps, an ordained minister of the Presbyterian Church, U.S., and chairman of the department of religion and philosophy at Davis and Elkins College, believes that since the New Testament does not say that he was not married, it is reasonable to

assume that he did not go counter to the customs of his time.

In **Was Jesus Married?** (Harper & Row, \$5.95) Dr. Phipps presents evidence that Jesus shared the Jewish view that marriage was a sacred thing, for himself as well as for others. His search of biblical texts, rabbinic literature, Jewish marriage customs, the Dead Sea Scrolls, and the insights of modern psychology has not turned up conclusive evidence to support his theory, but he has gone about his research in a responsible, nonsensational manner and his book deserves thoughtful reading.

Jesus and Israel (Holt, Rinehart, Winston, \$12.50), the book without which the Vatican II statement on the Jews might not have been written, has been translated from French into English eight years after the death of its author.

Jules Isaac, an outstanding French historian and a Jew, began the classic study in 1943. Before it was finished in 1946 his wife and daughter were dead in a concentration camp: "... simply because their name was Isaac." His book is the product of an anguished heart.

For 1,800 years, Prof. Isaac says, Christians have been taught that the Jewish people committed the crime of decide when they crucified Christ. And yet, it was not the Jewish people who crucified Christ, it was a small pharisaical group: "... the same the Prophets had encountered, the same he would have encountered in any other country, in any other time, the same he still encounters among all peoples."

Although the writing in this book is simple and clear, the scholarly range it covers makes it primarily a book for scholars. Probably few laymen will have the patience to follow the prodigious research it reflects. Sally Gran did the sensitive translation, and the superb job of editing was the work of Claire Huchet Bishop.

We call it church school now, but for nearly two centuries Sunday school was where succeeding generations of Americans received their basic Christian education.

Robert W. Lynn and Elliott Wright have written a concise, lively history of it in **The Big Little School** (Harper & Row, \$3.95). It will stir your memories and leave you standing perplexed in the midst of the struggle between the experts and volunteers that is taking place over it today.

An exasperated mother whose young son was always getting into mischief finally asked him, "How do

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Fiction



A FEW years ago I spent an evening with David Ben-Gurion in Tel Aviv. Bound up in this man were the long years of history and tradition which represent the Jewish heritage. He spoke of the past as if it were but yesterday, and he spoke of the present danger as if it were the common experience of his people to live under the constant threat of an enemy who had threatened to push them into the sea. The Bible has given the Jew a sense of a destiny that is not merely human but under the direction of God.

All this ran through my mind as I read *THE ANTAGONISTS* by Ernest K. Gann (*Simon & Schuster*, \$6.95) for this is the story of perhaps Israel's finest hour. A brave people faced the Romans on the heights of Masada and finally died rather than surrender to the Romans. To be in Israel means to hear the story of Masada soon or late for on that high place 960 Jews under Eleazar ben Yair faced the Roman general Flavius Silva, commander of the Tenth Legion and procurator of Judea.

The task of Ben Yair was to hold his people steady in spite of promises which were made by the Romans and which he was sure were false. The task of the Roman general was to finish his assault ramp before the summer's terrible heat doomed the siege to failure. He has his troubles with a general from Rome who brings a message that demands action and victory immediately. As if that were not enough, he is in love with a Jewish girl he has captured and whose fierce national pride threatens the love affair. His complete command of her life is no

substitute for his hunger for love. The limitations of power are made manifest most clearly.

To hold out as long as possible is the hope of the 960 Jews, for Masada has become a symbol of the toughness and ultimately the unconquerability of the Jews. The story goes forward, building up to its inevitable climax and final catastrophe. But it stands forevermore as the symbol of a people stronger than their enemies even when destroyed by them physically. It becomes apparent that the greatness of Judaism lies in its faith. It is a historical happening which people remember, and remembering it, find courage and hope for the present struggle.

LION COUNTRY by Frederick Buechner (*Atheneum*, \$5.95) is a rather strange book by a good writer. Buechner was ordained as a Presbyterian minister, and his theological background becomes apparent in this book. He writes about Bebb who is running an ordination diploma mill through the mail. Antonio Parr who tells the story answers one of Bebb's ads in order to write an expose of the whole racket. He goes to Bebb's headquarters in Florida and meets his daughter whom he falls in love with almost immediately. The characters who come forth from this situation are a strange associate of Bebb's, the rich septuagenarian whom Bebb is cultivating to become his patron, and Bebb's alcoholic wife.

All the time one finds himself asking just what is the truth about this and where does it all lead finally? It never leads anywhere much and the book comes to a conclusion with a lot of human nature explored but not much moral progress on anybody's part. It seems that a former Presbyterian minister might have done better, but perhaps this is one of the reasons why he left the ministry. It's a book which kept me going with higher expectations than were ever realized. Thus speaks a square. But Buechner has the gift of writing a great book. I hope he does it for us before it is too late.

—GERALD KENNEDY

Bishop, Los Angeles Area, The United Methodist Church

you expect to get into heaven?" He thought it over and said: "Well, I'll just run in and out and in and out and keep slamming the door until St. Peter says, 'For heaven's sake, Jimmy, come in or stay out.'"

Comedian Dick Van Dyke tells the story and many others that reveal the funny side of children's views of religion in *Faith, Hope and Hilarity* (Doubleday, \$3.95). He has been collecting the anecdotes ever since he taught a Sunday-school class at a Dutch Reformed Presbyterian Church on Long Island.

His book is funny, but Dick Van Dyke is also very earnest about religion. It is central in the Van Dyke family life, and he has spoken as a layman to many groups. He is interested in new ways of ministry and in the innovative ways some young ministers are bringing the per-

sonal experience of religion home to their congregations. On combining humor and religion, he reminds readers that there's a lot of talk about joy in the Bible.

Canadian writer Farley Mowat and his wife, Claire, visited Siberia in the fall of 1966 and again in 1969. Having criticized his own country for misuse of the peoples and resources of the Canadian Arctic regions, he wanted to see if the Russians were doing any better. He found out that in many creative and innovative ways they were.

The Siberians (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$7.95) is openly admiring, and to this extent it is controversial. It's a pleasure to read Mowat, though, whether you agree with him or not. He makes you experience what he experiences so vividly that it's hard to

believe you haven't been there, too.

The nine men in *No Victory Parades* (Holt Rinehart Winston, \$5.95) did not receive heroes' welcomes when they came back from Viet Nam. They do not feel like heroes. In a country sharply divided over the war they fought, they are confused, bitter, alienated.

This book on what war does to the men who fight it grew out of a 1967 incident in a classroom in a community college near New York City. One morning after class a tightlipped student came up to Murray Polner's desk and objected to a derogatory remark that Polner had made about the war. How did Polner know? The student had been there, the teacher had not. They talked, and their talk led to many other conversations. Polner became so deeply involved

that he began to talk with other veterans. Before he began to write *No Victory Parades*, he had interviewed 204 veterans from all parts of the country.

They fought, they told him. They killed. They saw their friends killed. They had all the drugs and liquor and women they wanted. They knew terror and desperation. They witnessed atrocities, and they committed them. Some are hawks, some are doves, and some just want to forget.

All of the nine in Polnar's book went into the war believing in the American Dream. All came back filled with doubts and the gnawing fear that their military service in Southeast Asia had been for nothing.

For more than 20 years Prince Leopold of Loewenstein and the former Diana Gollancz enjoyed complete happiness in their marriage, and when Diana became fatally ill, Prince Leopold determined to share with her everything that could still make life precious.

Now, with great tenderness, and as a final tribute to a beautiful, courageous woman, he shares that time with readers in *A Time to Love . . . A Time to Die* (Doubleday, \$6.95). It will bring a lump to your throat, but it is not a morbid book. The Christianity Diana Loewenstein embraced without rejecting her Jewish heritage was a presence that illuminated those around her.

A lot of people with excellent taste are spooked when you mention the word "art." Maybe some of them were confronted by too big, too imposing-looking art books when they were children. If that's true, then art expert Ernest Raboff is doing our present crop of youngsters a big service in presenting the lives and work of individual masters in Doubleday's attractive and totally nonthreatening *Art for Children* series. The cost isn't too threatening for parents, either—\$3.95 for each well-produced book.

Artists covered in the series are Picasso, Chagall, Klee, Rousseau, Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec, Durer, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Da Vinci, Raphael, and Michelangelo.

Surely no more beguiling, foxier fox ever illustrated an Aesop fable than the one Paul Galdone has drawn for *Three Aesop Fox Fables* (Seabury, \$4.50). A delightful book for pre-schoolers and beginning readers.

—Helen Johnson

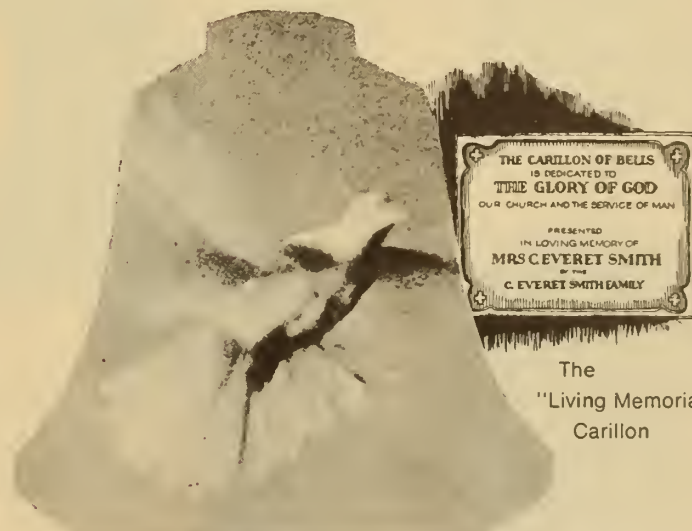
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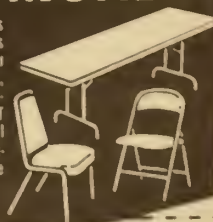
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TOGETHER with the Small Fry

Little Green Leaf

By VERDA PEARL

"COME, children, come!" called kind Mother Tree.
"Jack Frost has some pretty new clothes for you.
Gold for girls and scarlet for the boys!"

All the little leaves danced and clapped when they saw how lovely they looked in their new fall outfits—all of them, that is, except Little Green Leaf.

"I don't want any new clothes," she said, pouting. "I just want to keep my nice green summer dress. See

how lovely it still is!" she added, twirling about so all could see.

"Of course it's lovely, dear, but the weather is too cold for you to wear it now. Do come and join the others," coaxed Mother Tree. But Little Green Leaf just shook her pretty head and fluttered about on the branch.

Soon Jack Frost called again and left crinkly, warm, brown clothing for all the Leaf children, but Little Green Leaf still clung to her thin summer dress. "I'm going to wear it just as long as I can," she said. "I look very beautiful in green!"

The days grew shorter and shorter and the nights grew colder and colder. Little Green Leaf started to shiver and shake as she huddled close to the rough bark of Mother Tree. She began to envy the other leaves who were now playing merrily on the ground.

Pretty soon North Wind came by. "Woo—oooo—oo!" he moaned. "Little Green Leaf! I thought I blew you away the last time I was here. Why have you not joined your brothers and sisters on the ground?"

Little Green Leaf was so cold her teeth chattered. "Oh, North Wind," she cried, "please help me! I want a warm, brown dress!"

"I cannot help you, Little Green Leaf," answered North Wind. "All I can do is blow and blow. Woo—oo, good-bye!" he whistled, as he hurried past the little leaf.

That afternoon, Mr. Sun opened one pale eye and peeped through the branches of Mother Tree. He wasn't seen very often these wintry days. Most of the time he just snoozed behind soft, gray cloud blankets.

"Mr. Sun! Please help me!" cried Little Green Leaf. "I want a nice, warm, brown dress so I can join all the other leaves on the ground!"

"Ho-hum," yawned sleepy Mr. Sun. "I don't know anything about brown dresses, Little Green Leaf. But wait till next spring and I'll give you a pretty new green one."

"But I'm so cold!" cried Little Green Leaf. "Oh! What shall I do?"

One chilly afternoon, Old Man Winter came creeping by. He touched the little leaf on the back with his long, icy fingers.

"Oh! Don't do that!" she whimpered. "You're freezing me! Please, Old Man Winter, give me a nice, brown dress so I can keep warm with my brothers and sisters on the ground!"

"I can't do that, Little Green Leaf," sneezed Old Man Winter, "but I have a beautiful, warm blanket of snow."

"I don't want to go to bed!" cried Little Green Leaf.

"Ah! But my blanket will dazzle your eyes when you see it. Some folk say it is sprinkled with diamonds!" said Old Man Winter. "You'd better hurry and come down off that tree!"

Little Green Leaf twisted and squirmed, but she couldn't get her dress torn loose from the rough bark. Then, suddenly, over the hill, she saw Jack Frost painting some bushes.

"Jack Frost! Jack Frost!" she cried. "Please, please come here!"

"What do you want?" asked Jack Frost, putting his paintbrush in his pocket. "I'm in a hurry! Besides, I visited your tree long ago."

"I know, Jack Frost, but please give me a warm, brown

dress so I can join my dear brothers and sisters! I'm so cold and lonely up here all by myself!"

Jack Frost shook his head. "Stylish Mother Nature says you must wear a pretty crimson or gold one first, Little Green Leaf," he said, "and I'm all out of those colors."

"I don't care about style! I don't care about color! Just give me any old color you have!" cried the miserable little leaf.

"All right," answered Jack Frost, as he brought out some muddy-colored brown paint. Little Green Leaf shivered as he brushed it all over her. Soon, the old summer dress was seen no more. All the other leaves had refused to be painted such an ugly shade as this, but Little Green Leaf wore it gladly now.

Then North Wind came by and tossed her to the ground, where happy little brothers and sisters scrambled over to greet her. They played tag and ring-around-the-rosy for a long time. Later, when they grew tired, Old Man Winter carefully tucked them beneath his glistening, white blanket of snow.

Little Green Leaf smiled happily as she cuddled close to all the other drowsy little leaves. She was warm at last. □



Mr. Beetle

Keep still, Mr. Beetle,
I'll hold you carefully,
I will not hurt a single bit,
I only want to see
How strange you are,
And wonderful—a handiwork of God,
Who planned your life and made you
To live in grass and sod.

—Solveig Paulson Russell

Jottings

It is only coincidence that, as the curtain goes down on TOGETHER's first 15 years, two long-familiar faces take their last bow from this particular stage.

During these years we have become used to the vagaries of time. We have seen our children grow up; some of us have been surprised by grandfatherhood; and the seasoned veterans among us have watched many old friends either move on to other fields or terminate brilliant and useful careers as members of the TOGETHER family.

Latest to leave is one who has become widely known in church and journalistic circles since he joined The Methodist Publishing House in Nashville, Tenn., in '46.

Newman Cryer, we are fond of noting, is a nonordained minister. He wanted his B.D. degree from Vanderbilt University, not because he intended to preach but because he wanted a seminary background in his role as editor of *The Pastor* from 1946-1956. This background of knowledge and experience has served the church well in Newman's various roles as managing editor of the *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE* (1956-60), as editor of *Methodist Layman* (1960-64), and as an associate editor of TOGETHER from 1964 to last August 15. Now he moves on to a new job as Methodist Information and Public Relations

director for the Indiana Area of The United Methodist Church.

We'll miss his pencil and typewriter, of course. But more than that we'll miss his quiet presence, incisive mind, personal compassion for the underdog, and his subtle humor.

It turns out that people who devote their lives to religious journalism are just about like your neighbors down the block. Newman is an expert photographer who delights in sunsets, the dew on a wild flower, the stark majesty of a dying forest giant. He loves music—high brow, middle brow, and low brow. And he firmly believes that the U.S. citizen has more than a right to vote; he has the right—no, the duty—to do something about his beliefs.

Six weeks before Newman left



Mr. Cryer



Mr. Munson

our ranks, we said good-bye to the retiring, long-time news editor and editor of this magazine's *Area News Editions*. **Charles E. Munson** now draws his pension checks in Albuquerque, N.Mex., where he and his wife Lena found their little dream house within a few days after driving into that city.

Chuck Munson arrived on the scene when TOGETHER was nearing two years old. Behind him were 23 years as a reporter and correspondent for the Associated Press, followed by 5 years as administrative assistant to Wyoming Senator Frank A. Barrett in Washington, D.C.

Like Newman, Chuck is an expert photographer. His hobby, however, happens to be home movies. With his movie cameras, Chuck has caught memorable moments of the passing years—the rugged scenery of his beloved West, his travels in other parts of the country, and—most of all, perhaps—the passing era of the great railroads. He is, by his own admission, a railroad "bug," and when we said good-bye at a little party late last June, it was natural that one of his going-away presents would be a miniature train.

It was rightfully said of Chuck that he stayed busy, even when there was absolutely nothing to do; that he hurried when there was no place to go. A man gets like that after facing deadlines for 40 years!

He is a United Methodist layman in the best sense of the word, having been lay leader in such widely separated places as Cheyenne, Wyo., and Des Plaines, Ill.

When we accept a manuscript for publication in TOGETHER, we usually write and ask our contributors a few questions about themselves. One is: "How did you enter your present work?"

"Called of God," replied the Rev. **Harvey N. Chinn** of Sacramento, Calif., author of *The Perils of Private Religion* on pages 46-47.

"Worked like the devil!" replied **William C. Tremmel**, professor and chairman of religious studies at the University of South Florida, [see his *The Lost Ethics of Jesus*, page 7].

Both methods, of course, are time-honored—and workable!

Mr. Chinn tells us that his special interest is politics. "I do lobbying . . . especially in the field of gambling," he writes. "We defeated seven gambling bills in the 1971 California Legislature while many eastern states were opening up their states to gambling."

It amuses him, he says, to receive a great deal of mail and telephone calls on the assumption that he is Chinese.

As for Mr. Tremmel, well, his record in professional publications alone would indicate that he really does work like the devil. He lists more than 30 articles that have been published in a variety of religious publications. These have been written, of course, whenever he could find time from his busy academic schedule.

A sad note: On November 19, 1970, **Joan Danziger** of Milwaukee, Wis., sat down and mailed us some poetry. One poem was *In Case of Peace* which appears on page 11.

On November 23, 1970—four days later—Miss Danziger died. She was 30.

"Our daughter would have been so thrilled to receive your letter informing her of your acceptance of her poem," Joan's parents wrote, adding that they planned to give her check for the poem to the Milwaukee Public Library.

—Your Editors

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